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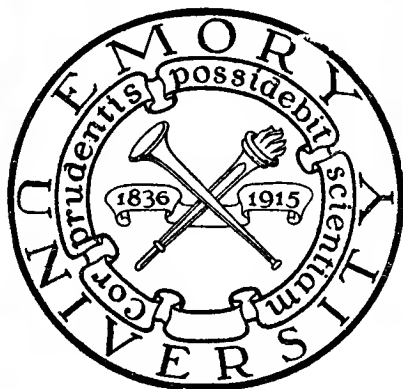
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AND PARODIES.

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AUTHOR OF "ROARING CAMP," "SANDY BAR," ETC., ETC.

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# POEMS.

---

## SAN FRANCISCO.

FROM THE SEA.

SERENE, indifferent of Fate,  
Thou sittest at the Western Gate,

Upon thy heights so lately won  
Still slant the banners of the sun ;

Thou seest the white seas strike their tents  
O Warder of two Continents !

And scornful of the peace that flies  
Thy angry winds and sullen skies,

Thou drawest all things, small or great,  
To thee, beside the Western Gate.

•   •   •   •   •

O lion's whelp, that hidest fast  
In jungle growth of spire and mast,

I know thy cunning and thy greed,  
Thy hard high lust and wilful deed,

And all thy glory loves to tell  
Of specious gifts material.

Drop down, O fleecy Fog, and hide  
Her sceptic sneer, and all her pride!

Wrap her, O Fog, in gown and hood  
Of her Franciscan Brotherhood.

Hide me her faults, her sin and blame;  
With thy gray mantle cloak her shame!

So shall she, cowléd, sit and pray  
Till morning bears her sins away.

Then rise, O fleecy Fog, and raise  
The glory of her coming days;

Be as the cloud that flecks the seas  
Above her smoky argosies.

When forms familiar shall give place  
To stranger speech and newer face;

When all her throes and anxious fears  
Lie hushed in the repose of years;

When Art shall raise and Culture lift  
The sensual joys and meaner thrift,

And all fulfilled the vision, we  
Who watch and wait shall never see,—

Who, in the morning of her race,  
Toiled fair or meanly in our place,—

But, yielding to the common lot,  
Lie unrecorded and forgot.

---

## THE ANGELUS,

HEARD AT THE MISSION DOLORES, 1868.

BELLS of the Past, whose long-forgotten music  
Still fills the wide expanse,  
Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present  
With color of romance :

I hear your call, and see the sun descending  
On rock and wave and sand,  
As down the coast the Mission voices blending  
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation  
No blight nor mildew falls ;  
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition  
Passes these airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding  
I touch the farther Past,—  
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,  
The sunset dream and last !



Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,  
     The white Presidio ;  
 The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,  
     The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting  
     Above the setting sun ;  
 And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting  
     The freighted galleon.

O solemn bells ? whose consecrated masses  
     Recall the faith of old,—  
 O tinkling bells ! that lulled with twilight music  
     The spiritual fold !

Your voices break and falter in the darkness,—  
     Break, falter, and are still ;  
 And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,  
     The sun sinks from the hill !

## THE MOUNTAIN HEART'S-EASE.

**B**Y scattered rocks and turbid waters shifting,  
     By furrowed glade and dell,  
 To feverish men thy calm, sweet face uplifting,  
     Thou stayest them to tell

The delicate thought, that cannot find expression,  
     For ruder speech too fair,  
 That, like thy petals, trembles in possession,  
     And scatters on the air.

The miner pauses in his rugged labor,  
And, leaning on his spade,  
Laughingly calls unto his comrade-neighbor  
To see thy charms displayed ;

But in his eyes a mist unwonted rises,  
And for a moment clear,  
Some sweet home face his foolish thought surprises  
And passes in a tear,—

Some boyish vision of his Eastern village,  
Of uneventful toil,  
Where golden harvests followed quiet tillage  
Above a peaceful soil :

One moment only, for the pick, unlifting,  
Through root and fibre cleaves.  
And on the muddy current slowly drifting  
Are swept thy bruised leaves.

And yet, O poet, in thy homely fashion,  
Thy work thou dost fulfil,  
For on the turbid current of his passion  
Thy face is shining still !

---

## GRIZZLY.

COWARD,—of heroic size,  
In whose lazy muscles lies  
Strength we fear and yet despise ;  
Savage,—whose relentless tusks  
Are content with acorn husks :

*Grizzly.*

Robber,—whose exploits ne'er soared  
 O'er the bee's or squirrel's heard ;  
 Whiskered chin, and feeble nose,  
 Claws of steel on baby toes,—  
 Here, in solitude and shade,  
 Shambling, shuffling, plantigrade,  
 Be thy courses undismayed !

Here, where Nature makes thy bed,  
 Let thy rude, half-human tread  
     Point to hidden Indian springs,  
 Lost in ferns and fragrant grasses,  
     Hovered o'er by timid wings,  
 Where the wood-duck lightly passes,  
 Where the wild bee holds her sweets,  
 Epicurean retreats,  
 Fit for thee, and better than  
 Fearful spoils of dangerous man.

In thy fat-jowled deviltry  
 Friar Tuck shall live in thee ;  
 Thou mayst levy tithe and dole ;  
     Thou shalt spread the woodlark's cheer  
 From the pilgrim taking toll ;  
     Match thy cunning with his fear ;  
 Eat, and drink, and have thy fill :  
 Yet remain an outlaw still !

## MADROÑO.

CAPTAIN of the Western wood,  
Thou that apest Robin Hood !  
Green above thy scarlet hose,  
How thy velvet mantle shows ;  
Never tree like thee arrayed,  
O thou gallant of the glade !

When the fervid August sun  
Scorches all it looks upon,  
And the balsam of the pine  
Drips from stem to needle fire,  
Round thy compact shade arranged  
Not a leaf of thee is changed !

When the yellow autumn sun  
Saddens all it looks upon,  
Spreads its sackcloth on the hills,  
Strews its ashes in the rills,  
Thou thy scarlet hose dost doff,  
And in limbs of purest buff  
Challengest the sombre glade  
For a si'van masquerade.

Where, O where, shall he begin  
Who would paint thee, Harlequin ?  
With thy waxen burnished leaf,  
With thy branches' red relief,  
With thy poly-tinted fruit,  
In thy spring or autumn suit,—  
Where begin, and O, where end,—  
Thou whose charms all art transcend ?

## COYOTE.

BLOWN out of the prairie in twilight and dew  
 Half beld and half timid, yet lazy all through;  
 Loath ever to leave, and yet fearful to stay,  
 He limps in the clearing,—an outcast in gray.

A shade on the stubble, a ghest by the wall,  
 Now leaping, now limping, now risking a fall,  
 Lop-eared and large-jointed, but ever alway  
 A thoroughly vagabond outcast in gray.

Here, Carle, old fellow,—he's one of your kind,—  
 Go, seek him, and bring him in out of the wind.  
 What! snarling, my Carlo! Se—even dogs may  
 Deny their own kin in the outcast in gray.

Well, take what you will,—though it be on the sly,  
 Marauding, or begging,—I shall not ask why;  
 But will call it a dole, just to help on his way  
 A four-footed friar in orders of gray!

## TO A SEA-BIRD.

SANTA CRUZ, 1869.

SAUNTERING hither on listless wings  
 Careless vagabond of the sea,  
 Little thou heedest the surf that sings,  
 The bar that thunders, the shale that rings,—  
 Give me to keep thy company.

Little thou hast, old friend, that's new,  
 Storms and wrecks are old things to thee;  
 Sick am I of these changes, too;  
 Little to care for, little to rue,—  
 I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

All of thy wanderings, far and near,  
 Bring thee at last to shore and me;  
 All of my journeyings end them here,  
 This our tether must be our cheer,—  
 I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

Lazily rocking on ocean's breast,  
 Something in common, old friend, have we;  
 Thou on the shingle seek'st thy nest,  
 I to the waters look for rest,—  
 I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

---

## HER LETTER.

I'M sitting alone by the fire,  
 Dressed just as I came from the dance,  
 In a robe even *you* would admire,—  
 It cost a cool thousand in France;  
 I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,  
 My hair is done up in a cue:  
 In short, sir, "the belle of the season"  
 Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;  
 I left in the midst of a set;  
 Likewise a proposal, half spoken,  
 That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.

They say he'll be rich,—when he grows up,

And then he adores me indeed.

And you, sir, are turning your nose up,

Three thousand miles off, as you read.

“And how do I like my position?”

“And what do I think of New York?”

“And now, in my higher ambition,

With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?”

“And is n't it nice to have riches,

And diamonds and silks, and all that?”

“And are n't it a change to the ditches

And tunnels of Poverty Flat?”

Well, yes,—if you saw us out driving

Each day in the park, four-in-hand,—

If you saw poor dear mamma contriving

To look supernaturally grand,—

If you saw papa's picture, as taken

By Brady, and tinted at that,—

You'd never suspect he sold bacon

And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting

In the glare of the grand chandelier,—

In the bustle and glitter befitting

The “finest *soirée* of the year,”

In the mists of a *gaze de Chambéry*,

And the hum of the smallest of talk,—

Somehow, Joe, I thought of the “Ferry,”

And the dance ~~that~~ we had on “The Fork

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster

Of flags festooned over the wall;

Of the candles that shed their soft lustre

And tallow on head-dress and shawl;  
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;  
Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis*;  
And how I once went down the middle  
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping  
On the hill, when the time came to go;  
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping  
From under their bedclothes of snow;  
Of that ride,—that to me was the rarest;  
Of—the something you said at the gate:  
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress  
To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny  
To think, as I stood in the glare  
Of fashion and beauty and money,  
That I should be thinking, right there,  
Of some one who breasted high water,  
And swam the North Fork, and all that,  
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,  
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!  
(Mamma says my taste still is low,) Instead of my triumphs reciting,  
I'm spooning on Joseph,—heigh-ho!  
And I'm to be "finished" by travel,—  
Whatever's the meaning of that,—  
O, why did papa strike pay gravel  
In drifting on Poverty Flat?



Good night,—here's the end of my paper ;  
Good night,—if the longitude please,—  
For maybe, while wasting my taper,  
Your sun's climbing over the trees.  
But know, if you haven't got riches,  
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,  
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,  
And you've struck it,—on Poverty Flat.

---

## DICKENS IN CAMP.

ABOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,  
The river sang below ;  
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting  
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted  
The ruddy tints of health  
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted  
In the fierce race for wealth ;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure  
A hoarded volume drew,  
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure  
To hear the tale anew ;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,  
And as the firelight fell,  
He read aloud the book wherein the Master  
Had writ of " Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader  
Was youngest of them all,—  
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar  
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,  
Listened in every spray,  
While the whole camp, with “Nell” on English meadows,  
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o’ertaken  
As by some spell divine—  
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken  
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire:  
And he who wrought that spell?—  
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,  
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story  
Blend with the breath that thrills  
With hop-vines’ incense all the pensive glory  
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly  
And laurel wreaths intwine,  
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,—  
This spray of Western pine!

JULY, 1870.

## WHAT THE ENGINES SAID.

## OPENING OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

WHAT was it the Engines said,  
Pilots touching,—head to head  
Facing on the single track,  
Half a world behind each back?  
This is what the Engines said,  
Unreported and unread!

With a prefatory screech,  
In a florid Western speech,  
Said the Engine from the WEST:  
“I am from Sierra’s crest;  
And, if altitude’s a test,  
Why, I reckon, it’s confessed,  
‘That I’ve done my level best.”

Said the Engine from the EAST:  
“They who work best talk the least.  
S’pose you whistle down your brakes;  
What you’ve done is no great shakes,—  
Pretty fair,—but let our meeting  
Be a different kind of greeting.  
Let these folks with champagne stuffing  
Not their Engines, do the *puffing*.

“Listen! Where Atlantic beats  
Shores of snow and summer heats;  
Where the Indian autumn skies  
Paint the woods with wampum dyes,  
I have chased the flying sun,  
Seeing all he looked upon,

Blessing all that he has blest,  
Nursing in my iron breast  
All his vivifying heat,  
All his clouds about my crest;  
And before my flying feet  
Every shadow must retreat."

Said the Western Engine, "Phew!"  
And a long low whistle blew.  
"Come now, really that's the oddest  
Talk for one so very modest,—  
You brag of your East! *You* do?  
Why, *I* bring the East to *you*!  
All the Orient, all Cathay,  
Find through me the shortest way,  
And the sun you follow here  
Rises in my hemisphere.  
Really,—if one must be rude,—  
Length, my friend, ain't longitude."

Said the Union, "Don't reflect, or  
I'll run over some Director."  
Said the Central, "I'm Pacific.  
But, when riled, I'm quite terrific.  
Yet to-day we shall not quarrel,  
Just to show these folks this moral.  
How two Engines—in their vision—  
Once have met without collision."

That is what the Engines said,  
Unreported and unread;  
Spoken slightly through the nose,  
With a whistle at the close.

**"THE RETURN OF BELISARIUS."**

MUD FLAT, 1860.

SO you're back from your travels, old fellow,  
 And you left but a twelvemonth ago;  
 You've hobnobbed with Louis Napoleon,  
     Eugenie, and kissed the Pope's toe.  
 By Jove, it is perfectly stunning,  
     Astounding,—and all that, you know;  
 Yes, things are about as you left them  
     In Mud Flat a twelvemonth ago.

The boys!—They're all right,—Oh! Dick Ashley,  
     He's buried somewhere in the snow;  
 He was lost on the Summit, last winter,  
     And Bob has a hard row to hoe.  
 You knew that he's got the consumption?  
     You didn't! Well, come, that's a go;  
 I certainly wrote you at Baden,—  
     Dear me! that was six months ago.

I got all your outlandish letters,  
     All stamped by some foreign P. O.  
 I handed myself to Miss Mary  
     That sketch of a famous château.  
 Tom Saunders is living at 'Frisco,—  
     They say that he cuts quite a show.  
 You didn't meet Euchre-deck Billy  
     Anywhere on your road to Cairo?

So you thought of the rusty old cabin,  
     The pines, and the valley below;

And heard the North Fork of the Yuba,  
As you stood on the banks of the Po?  
'Twas just like your romance, old fellow;  
But now there is standing a row  
Of stores on the site of the cabin  
That you lived in a twelvemonth ago.

But it's jolly to see you, old fellow,—  
To think it's a twelvemonth ago!  
And you have seen Louis Napoleon,  
And look like a Johnny Crapaud.  
Come in. You will surely see Mary,—  
You know we are married. What, no?—  
O, ay. I forgot there was something  
Between you a twelvemonth ago.

---

**"TWENTY YEARS."**

**B**EG your pardon, old fellow! I think  
I was dreaming just now, when you spoke.  
The fact is, the musical clink  
Of the ice on your wine-goblet's brink  
A chord of my memory woke.

And I stood in the pasture-field where  
Twenty summers ago I had stood;  
And I heard in that sound, I declare,  
The clinkings of bells on the air,  
Of the cows coming home from the wood.

Then the apple-blooms shook on the hill;  
And the mullein-stalks tilted each lance;  
And the sun behind Rapalye's mill  
Was my uttermost West, and could thrill  
Like some fanciful land of romance.

Then my friend was a hero, and then  
My girl was an angel. In fine,  
I drank buttermilk; for at ten  
Faith asks less to aid her, than when  
At thirty we doubt over wine.

Ah well, it *does* seem that I must  
Have been dreaming just now when you spoke,  
Or lost, very like, in the dust  
Of the years that slow fashioned the crust  
On that bottle whose seal you last broke.

Twenty years was its age, did you say?  
Twenty years? Ah, my friend, it is true!  
All the dreams that have flown since that day,  
All the hopes in that time passed away,  
Old friend, I've been drinking with you!

---

## FATE.

“THE sky is clouded, the rocks are bare;  
The spray of the tempest is white in air;  
The winds are out with the waves at play,  
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

"The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,  
The panther clings to the arching limb;  
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,  
And I shall not join in the chase to-day."

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,  
And the hunters came from the chase in glee;  
And the town that was builded upon a rock  
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.

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IN DIALECT.

—♦—  
"JIM."

SAY there! P'r'aps  
Some on you chaps  
Might know Jim Wild?  
Well,—no offence:  
Thar ain't no sense  
In gittin' riled!

Jim was my chum  
Up on the Bar:  
That's why I come  
Down from up yar,  
Lookin' for Jim.  
Thank ye, sir! ~~You~~  
Ain't of that crew.—  
Blest if you are!



*"Jim."*

Money?—Not much :  
 That ain't my kind :  
 I ain't no such.  
 Rum?—I don't mind,  
 Seein' it's you.

Well, this yer Jim,  
 Did you know him ?—  
 Jess 'bout your size ;  
 Same kind of eyes ?—  
 Well, that is strange :  
 Why, it's two year  
 Since he came here,  
 Sick, for a change.

Well, here's to us :  
 Eh ?  
 The h—— you say !  
 Dead ?—  
 That little cuss ?

What makes you star,—  
 You over thar ?  
 Can't a man drøp  
 's glass in yer shop  
 But you must rar' ?  
 It wouldn't take  
 D—— much to break  
 You and your bar.

Dead !  
 Poor—little—Jim !  
 —Why, thar was me,  
 Jones, and Bob Lee,

Harry and Ben,—  
No-account men :  
Then to take *him* !

Well, thar— Good by, —  
No more, sir,—I—  
Eh ?

What's that you say ?—  
Why, dern it !—sho !—  
No ? Yes ! By Jo !  
Sold !

Sold ! Why, you linab,  
You ornery,  
Derned old  
Long-legged Jim !

---

## CHIQUITA.

**B**EAUTIFUL ! Sir, you may say so. 'Thar isn't her  
match in the county.

Is thar, old gal,—Chiquita, my darling, my beauty ?  
Feel of that neck, sir,—thar's velvet ! Whoa ! Steady,—  
ah, will you, you vixen !

Whoa ! I say. Jack, trot her out ; let the gentleman look  
at her paces.

Morgan !—She ain't nothin' else, and I've got the papers to  
prove it.

Sired by Chippewa Chief, and twelve hundred dollars won't  
buy her.

Briggs of Tuolumne owned her. Did you know Briggs of Tuolumne?—

Busted hisself in White Pine, and blew out his brains down in 'Frisco?

Hedn't no savey—hed Briggs. Thar, Jack! that'll do,—quit that foolin'!

Nothin' to what she kin do, when she's got her work cut out before her.

Hosses is hosses, you know, and likewise, too, jockeys is jockeys;

And 'tain't ev'ry man as can ride as knows what a hoss has got in him.

Know the old ford on the Fork, that nearly got Flanigan's leaders?

Nasty in daylight, you bet, and a mighty rough ford in low water!

Well, it ain't six weeks ago that me and the Jedge and his nevey

Struck for that ford in the night, in the rain, and the water all round us;

Up to our flanks in the gulch, and Rattlesnake Creek just a bilin',

Not a plank left in the dam, and nary a bridge on the river.

I had the gray, and the Jedge had his roan, and his nevey, Chiquita;

And after us trundled the rocks jest loosed from the top of the cañon.

Lickity, lickity, switch, we came to the ford, and Chiquita buckled right down to her work, and afore I could yell to her rider

Took water jest at the ford, and there was the Jedge and  
me standing,  
And twelve hundred dollars of hoss-flesh afloat, and a  
driftin' to thunder!

Would ye b'lieve it? that night that hoss, that ar' filly,  
Chiquita,  
Walked herself into her stall, and stood there, all quiet and  
dripping:  
Clean as a beaver or rat, with nary a buckle of harness,  
Just as she swam the Fork,—that hoss, that ar' filly,  
Chiquita.

That's what I call a hoss! and— What did you say?—  
O, the nevey?  
Drownded, I reckon,—leastways, he never kem back to  
deny it.  
Ye see the derved fool had no seat,—ye couldn't have made  
him a rider;  
And then, ye know, boys will be boys, and hosses—well,  
hosses is hosses!

---

## DOW'S FLAT.

1856.

**D**OW'S FLAT. That's its name.  
And I reckon that you  
Are a stranger? The same?

Well, I thought it was true,—  
For ~~that~~ isn't a man on the river as can't spot the place at  
first view.

It was called after Dow,---  
Which the same was an ass,---  
And as to the how  
Thet the thing kem to pass,---  
Jest tie up your hoss to that buckeye, and sit ye down here  
in the grass :

You see this 'yer Dow  
Hed the worst kind of luck ;  
He slipped up somehow  
On each thing that he struck.  
ef he'd a straddled thet fence-rail thet derned  
get up and buck.

He mined on the bar  
Till he couldn't pay rates ;  
He was smashed by a car  
When he tunnelled with Bates ;  
And right on the top of his trouble kem his wife and five  
kids from the States.

It was rough,—mighty rough ;  
But the boys they stood by,  
And they brought him the stuff  
For a house, on the sly ;  
And the old woman,—well, she did washing, and took on  
when no one was nigh.

But this yer luck of Dow's  
Was so powerful mean  
That the spring near his house  
Dried right up on the green ,  
And he sunk forty feet down for water, but nary a drop to  
be seen.

Then the bar petered out,  
And the boys wouldn't stay ;  
And the chills got about,  
And his wife fell away ;  
But Dow, in his well, kept a peggin' in his usual ridicilous  
way.

One day,—it was June,—  
And a year ago, jest,—  
This Dow kem at noon  
To his work like the rest,  
With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and a derringier hid  
in his breast.

He goes to the well,  
And he stands on the brink,  
And stops for a spell  
Jest to listen, and think :  
For the sun in his eyes, (jest like this, sir!) you see, kinder  
made the cuss blink.

His two ragged gals  
In the gulch were at play,  
And a gownd that was Sal's  
Kinder flapped on a bay :  
Not much for a man to be leavin', but his all,—as I've  
heer'd the folks say.

And— That's a peart hoss  
Thet you've got,—ain't it now?<sup>3</sup>  
What might be her cost ?  
Eh ? Oh !—Well, then, Dow—  
Let's see,—well, that forty-foot grave wasn't his, sir  
day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick  
Sorter caved in the side,  
And he looked and turned sick,  
Then he trembled and cried.  
For you see the dern cuss had struck—"Water!"—Beg  
your parding, young man, there you lied!

It was *gold*,—in the quartz,  
And it ran all alike;  
And I reckon five oughts  
Was the worth of that strike;  
And that house with the coopilow's his'n,—which the same  
isn't bad for a Pike.

Thet's why it's Dow's Flat;  
And the thing of it is  
That he kinder got that  
Through sheer contrairiness:  
For 'twas *water* the derned cuss was seekin', and his luck  
made him certain to miss.

Thet's so. Thar's your way  
To the left of yon tree;  
But—a—look h'yur, say?  
Won't you come up to tea?  
No? Well, then the next time you're passin'; and ask  
after Dow,—and thet's *me*.

IN THE TUNNEL

**D**IDN'T know Flynn,—  
Flynn of Virginia,—  
Long as he's been 'yar?  
Look'ee here, stranger,  
Whar *hev* you been?

Here in this tunnel  
He was my pardner,  
That same Tom Flynn,—  
Working together,  
In wind and weather,  
Day out and in.

Didn't know Flynn!  
Well, that *is* queer;  
Why, it's a sin  
To think of Tom Flynn,—  
Tom with his cheer,  
Tom without fear,—  
Stranger, look 'yar'

Thar in the drift,  
Back to the wall,  
He held the timbers  
Ready to fall;  
Then in the darkness  
**I** heard him call:  
"Run for your life, **Jake!**  
Run for your wife's sake!  
Don't wait for me."



*"Cicely."*

And that was all  
 Heard in the din,  
 Heard of Tom Flynn,—  
 Flynn of Virginia.

That's all about  
 Flynn of Virginia.  
 That lets me out.  
 Here in the damp,—  
 Out of the sun,—  
 That 'ar derved lamp  
 Makes my eyes run.  
 Well, there,—I'm done!

But, sir, when you'll  
 Hear the next fool  
 Asking of Flynn,—  
 Flynn of Virginia,—  
 Just you chip in,  
 Say you knew Flynn;  
 Say that you've been 'yar.

*'CICELY.'*

## ALKALI STATION.

**C**ICELY says you're a poet; maybe; I ain't much on  
 rhyme:  
 I reckon you'd give me a hundred, and beat me every time.  
 Poetry!—that's the way some chaps puts up an idee,  
 But I takes mine "straight without sugar," and that's  
 what's the matter with me.

Poetry!—just look round you,—alkali, rock, and sage;  
Sage-brush, rock, and alkali; ain't it a pretty page!  
Sun in the east at mornin', sun in the west at night,  
And the shadow of this 'yer station the on'y thing moves in  
sight.

Poetry!—Well now—Polly! Polly, run to your mam;  
Run right away, my pooty! By by! Ain't she a lamb?  
Poetry!—that reminds me o' suthin' right in that suit:  
Jest shet that door thar, will yer?—for Cicely's ears is cute.

Ye noticed Polly,—the baby? A month afore she was  
born,  
Cicely—my old woman—was moody-like and forlorn;  
Out of her head and crazy, and talked of flowers and trees;  
Family man yourself, sir? Well, you know what a woman  
be's.

Narvous she was, and restless,—said that she "couldn't  
stay."  
Stay,—and the nearest woman seventeen miles away.  
But I fixed it up with the doctor, and he said he would be  
on hand,  
And I kinder stuck by the shanty, and fenced in that bit o'  
land.

One night,—the tenth of October,—I woke with a chill and  
fright,  
For the door it was standing open, and Cicely warn't in  
sight,  
But a note was pinned on the blanket, which it said that  
she "couldn't stay,"  
But had gone to visit her neighbor,—seventeen miles  
away!

When and how she stampeded, I didn't wait for to see,  
For out in the road, next minit, I started as wild as she;  
Running first this way and that way, like a hound that is  
    off the scent,  
For there warn't no track in the darkness to tell me the  
    way she went.

I've had some mighty mean moments afore I kem to this  
    spot,—  
Lost on the Plains in '50, drowned almost, and shot;  
But out on this alkali desert, a hunting a crazy wife,  
Was ra'ly as on-satis-factory as anything in my life.

"Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" I called, and I held my breath,  
And "Cicely!" came from the canyon,—and all was as still  
    as death.  
And "Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" came from the rocks below,  
And jest but a whisper of "Cicely!" down from them  
    peaks of snow.

I ain't what you call religious,—but I jest looked up to the  
    sky,  
And—this 'yer's to what I'm coming, and maybe ye think  
    I lie:  
But up away to the east'ard, yaller and big and far,  
I saw of a suddent rising the singlerist kind of star.

Big and yaller and dancing, it seemed to beckon to me:  
Yaller and big and dancing, such as you never see:  
Big and yaller and dancing,—I never saw such a star,  
And I thought of them sharps in the Bible, and I went for  
    it then and thar.

Over the brush and bowlders I stumbled and pushed ahead :  
Keeping the star afore me, I went wharover it led.  
It might hev been for an hour, when suddent and peart  
and nigh,  
Out of the yearth afore me thar riz up a baby's cry.

Listen ! thar's the same music ; but her lungs they are  
stronger now  
Than the day I packed her and her mother,—I'm derved if  
I jest know how.  
But the doctor kem the next minit, and the joke o' the  
whole thing is  
That Cis never knew what happened from that very night  
to this !

But Cicely says you're a poet, and maybe you might, some  
day,  
Jest sling her a rhyme 'bout a baby that was born in a  
curious way.  
And see what she says ; and, old fellow, when you speak of  
the star, don't tell  
As how 'twas the doctor's lantern,—for maybe 'twon't sound  
so well.

---

## PENELOPE.

SIMPSON'S BAR, 1858.

SO you've kem 'yer agen,  
And one answer won't do ?  
Well, of all the derved men  
That I've struck, it is you.  
O Sal ! 'yer's that derved fool from Simpson's, cayortin'  
round 'yer in the dew.

Kem in, ef you *will*.

Thar,—quit! Take a cheer.

Not that; you can't fill

Them theer cushings this year,—

For that cheer was my old man's, Joe Simpson, and they  
don't make such men about 'yer.

Ho was tall, was my Jack,

And as strong as a tree.

Thar's his gun on the rack,—

Jest you heft it, and see.

And *you* come a courtin' his widder. Lord! where can that  
critter, Sal, be!

You'd fill my Jack's place?

And a man of your size,—

With no baird to his face,

Nor a snap to his eyes,—

And nary— Sho! thar! I was foolin',—I was, Joe, for  
sartain,—don't rise.

Sit down. Law! why, sho!

I'm as weak as a gal,

Sal! Don't you go, Joe,

Or I'll faint,—sure, I shall.

Sit down,—*anywhere*, where you like, Joe,—in that cheer,  
if you choose.—Lord, where's Sal!

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL  
JAMES.

TABLE MOUNTAIN, 1870.

WHICH I wish to remark,—  
And my language is plain,—  
That for ways that are dark  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chine<sup>e</sup> is peculiar.  
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name ;  
And I shall not deny  
In regard to the same  
What that name might imply,  
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,  
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third ;  
And quite soft was the skies ;  
Which it might be inferred  
That Ah Sin was likewise ;  
Yet he played it that day upon William  
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,  
And Ah Sin took a hand :  
It was Euchre. The same  
He did not understand ;  
But he smiled as he sat by the table,  
With the smile that was childlike and bland

Yet the cards they were stocked  
 In a way that I grieve,  
 And my feelings were shocked  
 At the state of Nye's sleeve :  
 Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,  
 And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played  
 By that heathen Chinese,  
 And the points that he made,  
 Were quite frightful to see,—  
 Till at last he put down a right bower,  
 Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,  
 And he gazed upon me ;  
 And he rose with a sigh,  
 And said, " Can this be ?  
 We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,"—  
 And he went for that heathen Chinese.

In the scene that ensued  
 I did not take a hand,  
 But the floor it was strewed  
 Like the leaves on the strand  
 With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,  
 In the game " he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,  
 He had twenty-four packs,—  
 Which was coming it strong,  
 Yet I state but the facts ;  
 And we found on his nails, which were taper,  
 What is frequent in tapers,—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,  
And my language is plain,  
That for ways that are dark,  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinese is peculiar,—  
Which the same I am free to maintain.

---

## THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS.

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful  
James ;

I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games ;  
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the  
row  
That broke up our society upon the Stanislaw.

But first I would remark, that it is not a proper plan  
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man,  
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,  
To lay for that same member for to " put a bead " on him.

Now nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see  
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society  
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones  
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,  
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare ;  
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the  
rules,  
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his  
lost mules.



Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault.

It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault.  
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,  
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent  
To say another is an ass,—at least, to all intent;  
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant  
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order—when  
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,  
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the  
floor,  
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage  
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age;  
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a  
sin,  
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,  
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful  
James;  
And I've told in simple language what I know about the  
row  
That broke up our society upon the Stanislaw.

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## POEMS FROM 1860 TO 1868.



## JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.

HAVE you heard the story that gossips tell  
Of Burns of Gettysburg ?—No ? Ah, well :  
Brief is the glory that hero earns,  
Briefer the story of poor John Burns :  
He was the fellow who won renown,—  
The only man who didn't back down  
When the rebels rode through his native town :  
But held his own in the fight next day,  
When all his townsfolk ran away.  
That was in July, sixty-three,  
The very day that General Lee,  
Flower of Southern chivalry,  
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled  
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.  
I might tell how, but the day before,  
John Burns stood at his cottage door,  
Looking down the village street,  
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,  
He heard the low of his gathered kine,  
And felt their breath with incense sweet ;  
Or I might say, when the sunset burned  
The old farm gable, he thought it turned  
The milk that fell, in a babbling flood  
Into the milk-pail, red as blood !  
Or how he fancied the hum of bees  
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.  
But all such fanciful thoughts as these

Were strange to a practical man like Burns,  
Who minded only his own concerns,  
Troubled no more by fancies fine  
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine,—  
Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,  
Slow to argue, but quick to act.  
That was the reason, as some folks say,  
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right  
Raged for hours the heady fight,  
Thundered the battery's double bass,—  
Difficult music for men to face :  
While on the left—where now the graves  
Undulate like the living waves  
That all that day unceasing swept  
Up to the pits the rebels kept—  
Round shot ploughed the upland glades,  
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades ;  
Shattered fences here and there  
Tossed their splinters in the air ;  
The very trees were stripped and bare ;  
The barns that once held yellow grain  
Were heaped with harvests of the slain ;  
The cattle bellowed on the plain,  
The turkeys screamed with might and main,  
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest  
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,  
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.  
How do you think the man was dressed ?  
He wore an ancient long buff vest,  
Yellow as saffron,—but his best ;  
And, buttoned over his manly breast,

Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,  
And large gilt buttons,—size of a dollar,—  
With tails that the country-folk called “swall  
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,  
White as the locks on which it sat.  
Never had such a sight been seen  
For forty years on the village green,  
Since old John Burns was a country beau,  
And went to the “quiltings” long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day,  
Veterans of the Peninsula,  
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away ;  
And striplings, downy of lip and chin.—  
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in,—  
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,  
Then at the rifle his right hand bore ;  
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,  
With scraps of a slangy *répertoire* :  
“How are you, White Hat !” “Put her through !”  
“Your head’s level,” and “Bully for you !”  
Called him “Daddy,”—begged he’d disclose  
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,  
And what was the value he set on those ;  
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,  
Stood there picking the rebels off,—  
With his long brown rifle, and bell-crown hat,  
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

’T was but a moment, for that respect  
Which clothes all courage their voices checked ;  
And something the wildest could understand  
Spake in the old man’s strong right hand ;  
And his corded throat and the lurking frown  
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown ;

Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe  
 Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,  
 In the antique vestments and long white hair,  
 The Past of the Nation in battle there ;  
 And some of the soldiers since declare  
 That the gleam of his old white hat afar,  
 Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,  
 That day was their oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest :  
 How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,  
 Broke at the final charge, and ran.  
 At which John Burns—a practical man—  
 Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,  
 And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns ;  
 This is the moral the reader learns :  
 In fighting the battle, the question's whether  
 You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather'

## THE TALE OF A PONY.

**N**AME of my heroine, simply "Rose ;"  
 Surname, tolerable only in prose ;  
*Habitat*, Paris,—that is where  
 She resided for change of air ;  
*Etat* xx ; complexion fair,  
 Rich, good-looking, and *débonnaire*,  
 Smarter than Jersey-lightning—there !  
 That's her photograph, done with care.

In Paris, whatever they do besides,  
EVERY LADY IN FULL DRESS RIDES !  
*Moire antiques* you never meet  
Sweeping the filth of a dirty street ;  
But every woman's claim to *ton*

Depends upon  
The team she drives, whether phaeton,  
Landau, or britzka. Hence it's plain  
That Rose, who was of her toilet vain,  
Should have a team that ought to be  
Equal to any in all *Paris* !

"Bring forth the horse !" —The *commissaires*  
Bowed, and brought Miss Rose a pair  
Leading an equipage rich and rare :  
"Why doth that lovely lady stare ?"  
Why ? The tail of the off gray mare  
Is bobbed,—by all that's good and fair !  
Like the shaving-brushes that soldiers wear,  
Scarcely showing as much back-hair  
As Tam O'Shanter's "Meg,"—and there  
Lord knows she'd little enough to spare.  
That stare and frown the Frenchman knew,  
But did,—as well-bred Frenchmen do :  
Raised his shoulders above his crown,  
Joined his thumbs, with the fingers down,  
And said, "Ah Heaven !" —then, "Mademoiselle,  
Delay one minute, and all is well !"  
He went ; returned ; by what good chance  
These things are managed so well in France  
I cannot say,—but he made the sale,  
And the bob-tailed mare had a flowing tail.

All that is false in this world below  
Betrays itself in a love of show ;

Indignant Nature hides her lash  
 In the purple-black of a dyed mustache ;  
 The shallowest fop will trip in French,  
 The would-be critic will misquote Trench ;  
 In short, you're always sure to detect  
 A sham in the things folks most affect ;  
 Bean-pods are noisiest when dry,  
 And you always wink with your weakest eye :  
 And that's the reason the old gray mare  
 Forever had her tail in the air,  
 With flourishes beyond compare,  
     Though every whisk  
     Incurred the risk  
 Of leaving that sensitive region bare,—  
 She did some things that you couldn't but feel  
 She wouldn't have done had her tail been real.

Champs Elysées : Time, past five ;  
 There go the carriages,—look alive !  
 Everything that man can drive,  
 Or his inventive skill contrive,—  
 Yankee buggy or English “ chay ;”  
 Dog-cart, droschky, and smart coupé,  
 A *désobligeante* quite bulky,  
 (French idea of a Yankee *sulky* ;)   
 Band in the distance, playing a march,  
 Footmen standing stiff as starch ;  
 Savans, lorettes, deputies, Arch-  
 Bishops, and there together range  
*Sous-lieutenants* and *cent-gardes*, (strange  
 Way these soldier-chaps make change,)   
 Mixed with black-eyed Polish dames,  
 With unpronounceable awful names ;  
 Laces tremble, and ribbons flout,  
 Coachmen wrangle and gendarmes shout,—

Bless us ! what is the row about ?  
Ah ! here comes Rosey's new turn-out !  
Smart ! You bet your life 'twas that !  
Nifty ! (short for *magnificat*)  
Mulberry panels,—heraldic spread,—  
Ebony wheels picked out with red,  
And two gray mares that were thoroughbred ;  
No wonder that every dandy's head  
Was turned by the turn-out,—and 'twas said  
That Caskowhisky (friend of the Czar),  
A very good *whip* (as Russians are),  
Was tied to Rosey's triumphal car,  
Entranced, the reader will understand,  
By “ ribbons ” that graced her head and hand.

Alas ! the hour you think would crown  
Your highest wishes should let you down !  
Or fate should turn, by your own mischance,  
Your victor's car to an ambulance ;  
From cloudless heavens her lightning's glance,  
(And these things happen, even in France ;)   
And so Miss Rose, as she trotted by,—  
The cynosure of every eye,—  
Saw to her horror the off mare shy,—  
Flourish her tail so exceeding high  
That, disregarding the closest tie,  
And without giving a reason why,  
She flung that tail so free and frisky  
Off in the face of Caskowhisky !

Excuses, blushes, smiles : in fine,  
End of the pony's tail, and mine !



## THE MIRACLE OF PADRE JUNIPERO.

THIS is the tale that the Chronicle  
Tells of the wonderful miracle  
Wrought by the pious Padre Serro,  
The very reverend Junipero.

The Heathen stood on his ancient mound,  
Looking over the desert bound  
Into the distant, hazy south,  
Over the dusty and broad champaign  
Where, with many a gaping mouth,  
And fissure cracked by the fervid drouth,  
For seven months had the wasted plain  
Known no moisture of dew or rain.  
The wells were empty and choked with sand ;  
The rivers had perished from the land ;  
Only the sea fogs, to and fro,  
Slipped like ghosts of the streams below.  
Deep in its bed lay the river's bones,  
Bleaching in pebbles and milk-white stones,  
And tracked o'er the desert faint and far,  
Its ribs shone bright on each sandy bar.

Thus they stood as the sun went down  
Over the foot-hills bare and brown ;  
Thus they looked to the South, wherefrom  
The pale-face medicine-man should come.  
Not in anger, or in strife,  
But to bring—so ran the tale—  
The welcome springs of eternal life,  
The living waters that should not fail.

Said one, "He will come like Manitou,  
Unseen, unheard, in the falling dew."  
Said another, "He will come full soon  
Out of the round-faced watery moon."  
And another said, "He is here!" and lo,—  
Faltering, staggering, feeble and slow,—  
Out from the desert's blinding heat  
The Padre dropped at the heathen's feet.  
They stood and gazed for a little space  
Down on his pallid and careworn face,  
And a smile of scorn went round the band  
As they touched alternate with foot and hand  
This mortal waif, that the outer space  
Of dim mysterious sky and sand  
Flung with so little of Christian grace  
Down on their barren, sterile strand.

Said one to him : "It seems thy god  
Is a very pitiful kind of god ;  
He could not shield thine aching eyes  
From the blowing desert sands that rise,  
Nor turn aside from thy old gray head  
The glittering blade that is brandished  
By the sun he set in the heavens high ;  
He could not moisten thy lips when dry ;  
The desert fire is in thy brain ;  
Thy limbs are racked with the fever-pain :  
If this be the grace he showeth thee  
Who art his servant, what may we,  
Strange to his ways and his commands,  
Seek at his unforgiving hands ? "

"Drink but this cup," said the Padre, straight,  
"And thou shalt know whose mercy bore

These aching limbs to your heathen door,  
And purged my soul of its gross estate.  
Drink in His name, and thou shalt see  
The hidden depths of this mystery.  
Drink ! " and he held the cup. One blow  
From the heathen dashed to the ground below  
The sacred cup that the Padre bore ;  
And the thirsty soil drank the precious store  
Of sacramental and holy wine,  
That emblem and consecrated sign  
And blessed symbol of blood divine.

Then, says the legend, (and they who doubt  
The same as heretics be accurst,)  
From the dry and feverish soil leaped out  
A living fountain ; a well-spring burst  
Over the dusty and broad champaign,  
Over the sandy and sterile plain,  
Till the granite ribs and the milk-white stones  
That lay in the valley—the scattered bones—  
Moved in the river and lived again !

Such was the wonderful miracle  
Wrought by the cup of wine that fell  
From the hands of the pious Padre Serro,  
The very reverend Junipero.

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## AN ARCTIC VISION.

**W**HERE the short-legged Esquimaux  
Waddle in the ice and snow,  
And the playful polar bear  
Nips the hunter unawares ;

Where by day they track the ermine,  
And by night another vermin,—  
Segment of the frigid zone,  
Where the temperature alone  
Warms on St. Elias' cone;  
Polar dock, where Nature slips  
From the ways her icy ships;  
Land of fox and deer and sable,  
Shore end of our western cable,—  
Let the news that flying goes  
Thrill through all your Arctic floes,  
And reverberate the boast  
From the cliffs of Beechey's coast,  
Till the tidings, circling round  
Every bay of Norton Sound,  
Throw the vocal tide-wave back  
To the isles of Kodiak.  
Not the stately polar bears  
Waltz around the pole in pairs,  
And the walrus, in his glee,  
Bare his tusk of ivory;  
While the bold sea unicorn  
Calmly takes an extra horn;  
All ye polar skies, reveal your  
Very rarest of parhelia;  
Trip it, all ye merry dancers.  
In the airiest of lancers;  
Slide, ye solemn glaciers, slide,  
One inch farther to the tide,  
Nor in rash precipitation  
Upset Tyndall's calculation.  
Know you not what fate awaits you,  
Or to whom the future mates you?  
All ye icebergs make salaam,—  
You belong to Uncle Sam!

On the spot where Eugene Sue  
Led his wretched Wandering Jew,  
Stands a form whose features strike  
Russ and Esquimaux alike.  
He it is whom Skalds of old  
In their Runic rhymes foretold ;  
Lean of flank and lank of jaw,  
See the real Northern Thor !  
See the awful Yankee leering  
Just across the Straits of Behring ;  
On the drifted snow, too plain,  
Sinks his fresh tobacco stain  
Just beside the deep inden-  
Tation of his Number 10.

Leaning on his icy hammer  
Stands the hero of this drama,  
And above the wild-duck's clamor,  
In his own peculiar grammar,  
With its linguistic disguises,  
Lo, the Arctic prologue rises :  
" Wa'll, I reckon 't ain't so bad,  
Seein' ez 't was all they had ;  
True, the Springs are rather late  
And early Falls predominate ;  
But the ice crop's pretty sure,  
And the air is kind o' pure ;  
'T ain't so very mean a trade,  
When the land is all surveyed.  
There's a right smart chance for fur-chase  
All along this recent purchase,  
And, unless the stories fail,  
Every fish from cod to whale ;  
Rocks, too ; mebbe quartz ; let's see,  
'T would be strange if there should be,

Seems I've heerd such stories told ;  
Eh !—why, bless us,—yes, it's gold ! ”

While the blows are falling thick  
From his California pick,  
You may recognize the Thor  
Of the vision that I saw,—  
Freed from legendary glamour,  
See the real magician's hammer.

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## TO THE PLIOCENE SKULL.

### A GEOLOGICAL ADDRESS.

“ **S**PEAK, O man, less recent ! Fragmentary fossil !  
Primal pioneer of pliocene formation,  
Hid in lowest drifts below the earliest stratum  
Of volcanic tufa !

“ Older than the beasts, the oldest Palæotherium ;  
Older than the trees, the oldest Cryptogami ;  
Older than the hills, those infantile eruptions  
Of earth's epidermis !

“ Eo—Mio—Plio—whatsoe'er the “ cene ” was  
That those vacant sockets filled with awe and wonder, —  
Whether shores Devonian or Silurian beaches, —  
Tell us thy strange story !

“ Or has the professor slightly antedated  
By some thousand years thy advent on this planet,  
Giving thee an air that’s somewhat better fitted  
For cold-blooded creatures ?

“ Wert thou true spectator of that mighty forest  
When above thy head the stately Sigillaria  
Reared its columned trunks in that remote and distant  
Carboniferous epoch ?

“ Tell us of that scene,—the dim and watery woodland  
Songless, silent, hushed, with never bird or insect  
Veiled with spreading fronds and screened with tall club-  
mosses,  
Lycopodiacea,—

“ When beside thee walked the solemn Plesiosaurus,  
And around thee crept the festive Ichthyosaurus,  
While from time to time above thee flew and circled  
Cheerful Pterodactyls.

“ Tell us of thy food,—those half-marine refectations,  
Crinoids on the shell and Brachipods *au naturel*,—  
Cuttle-fish to which the *pieuvre* of Victor Hugo  
Seems a periwinkle.

“ Speak, thou awful vestige of the earth’s creation,—  
Solitary fragment of remains organic !  
Tell the wondrous secret of thy past existence,—  
Speak ! thou oldest primate ! ”

Even as I gazed, a thrill of the maxilla,  
And a lateral movement of the condyloid process,  
With post-pliocene sounds of healthy mastication  
Ground the teeth together.

And, from that imperfect dental exhibition,  
Stained with expressed juices of the weed Nicotian.  
Came these hollow accents, blent with softer murmurs  
Of expectoration ;

“ Which my name is Bowers, and my crust was busted  
Falling down a shaft in Calaveras County,  
But I'd take it kindly if you'd send the pieces  
Home to old Missouri ! ”

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## THE BALLAD OF THE EMEU.

O SAY, have you seen at the Willows so green,—  
So charming and rurally true,—  
A singular bird, with a manner absurd,  
Which they call the Australian Emeu ?  
Have you  
Ever seen this Australian Emeu ?

It trots all around with its head on the ground,  
Or erects it quite out of your view ;  
And the ladies all cry, when its figure they spy,  
O, what a sweet pretty Emeu !  
Oh ! do  
Just look at that lovely Emeu !

One day to this spot, when the weather was hot,  
Came Matilda Hortense Fortescue ;  
And beside her there came a youth of high name,—  
Augustus Florell Montague :  
The two  
Both loved that wild, foreign Emeu.



With two loaves of bread then they fed it, instead  
Of the flesh of the white cockatoo,  
Which once was its food in that wild neighbourhood  
Where ranges the sweet Kangaroo;  
That too  
Is game for the famous Emeu!

Old saws and gimlets but its appetite whets  
Like the world-famous bark of Peru;  
There's nothing so hard that the bird will discard,  
And nothing its taste will eschew,  
That you  
Can give that long-legged Emeu!

The time slipped away in this innocent play,  
When up jumped the bold Montague:  
"Where's that specimen pin that I gaily did win  
In raffle, and gave unto you,  
Fortescue?"  
No word spoke the guilty Emeu!

"Quick! tell me his name whom thou gavest that same,  
Ere these hands in thy blood I imbrue!"  
"Nay, dearest," she cried, as she clung to his side,  
"I'm innocent as that Emeu!"  
"Adieu!"  
He replied, "Miss M. H. Fortescue!"

Down she dropped at his feet, all as white as a sheet,  
As wildly he fled from her view;  
He thought 't was her sin,—for he knew not the pin  
Had been gobbled up by the Emeu;  
All through  
The voracity of that Emeu!

## THE AGED STRANGER.

### AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

"I WAS with Grant—" the stranger said,  
Said the farmer, "Say no more,  
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,  
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant—" the stranger said;  
Said the farmer, "Nay, no more,—  
I prithee sit at my frugal board,  
And eat of my humble store."

"How fares my boy,—my soldier boy,  
Of the Old Ninth Army Corps?  
I warrant he bore him gallantly  
In the smoke and the battle's roar!"

"I know him not," said the aged man,  
"And, as I remarked before,  
I was with Grant—" "Nay, nay, I know,"  
Said the farmer, "say no more;

"He fell in battle,—I see, alas!  
Thou'dst smooth these tidings o'er,—  
Nay: speak the truth, whatever it be,  
Though it rend my bosom's core."

"How fell he,—with his face to the foe,  
Upholding the flag he bore?  
O, say not that my boy disgraced  
The uniform that he wore!"

*"How are You, Sanitary?"*

"I cannot tell," said the aged man,  
 "And should have remarked, before,  
 That I was with Grant,—in Illinois,—  
 Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spake him never a word,  
 But beat with his fist full sore  
 That aged man, who had worked for Grant  
 Some three years before the war.

---

## HOW ARE YOU, SANITARY ?

DOWN the picket-guarded lane,  
 Rolled the comfort-laden wain,  
 Cheered by shouts that shook the plain,  
 Soldier-like and merry :  
 Phrases such as camps may teach,  
 Sabre-cuts of Saxon speech,  
 Such as "Bully !" "Them's the peach !"  
 "Wade in, Sanitary !"

Right and left the caissons drew,  
 As the car went lumbering through,  
 Quick succeeding in review  
 Squadrons military ;  
 Sunburnt men with beards like frieze,  
 Smooth-faced boys, and cries like these,—  
 "U. S. San. Com." "That's the cheese !"  
 "Pass in, Sanitary !"

In such cheer it struggled on  
Till the battle front was won,  
Then the car, its journey done,  
    Lo ! was stationary ;  
And where bullets whistling fly,  
Came the sadder, fainter cry,  
“ Help us, brothers, ere we die,—  
    Save us, Sanitary ! ”

Such the work. The phantom flies,  
Wrapped in battle-clouds that rise ;  
But the brave—whose dying eyes,  
Veiled and visionary,  
See the jasper gates swung wide,  
See the parted throng outside—  
Hears the voice to those who ride :  
    “ Pass in, Sanitary ! ”

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## THE REVEILLE.

**H**ARK ! I hear the tramp of thousands  
And of arméd men the hum ;  
Lo ! a nation's hosts have gathered  
Round the quick alarming drum,—  
Saying, “ Come,  
Freemen, come !  
**Ere your heritage be wasted,**” said the quick alarming  
drum.

“ Let me of my heart take counsel :  
War is not of Life the sum ;  
**Who shall stay and reap the harvest**

When the autumn days shall come?"

But the drum

Echoed, "Come!

Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,

What of profit springs therefrom?

What if conquest, subjugation,

Even greater ills become?"

But the drum

Answered, "Come!

You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee-answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannons' thunder

Whistling shot and bursting bomb,

When my brothers fall around me,

Should my heart grow cold and numb?"

But the drum

Answered "Come!

Better there in death united, than in life a recreant,—  
come!"

Thus they answered,—hoping, fearing,

Some in faith, and doubting some,

Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,

Said, "My chosen people, come!"

Then the drum,

Lo! was dumb,

For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered  
"Lord, we come!"

OUR PRIVILEGE.

NOT ours, where battle smoke upcurls,  
And battle dews lie wet,  
To meet the charge that treason hurls  
By sword and bayonet.

Not ours to guide the fatal scythe  
The fleshless reaper wields;  
The harvest moon looks calmly down  
Upon our peaceful fields.

The long grass dimples on the hill,  
The pines sing by the sea,  
And Plenty, from her golden horn,  
Is pouring far and free.

O brothers by the farther sea,  
Think still our faith is warm;  
The same bright flag above us waves  
That swathed our baby form.

The same red blood that dyes your fields  
Here throbs in patriot pride;  
The blood that flowed when Lander fell,  
And Baker's crimson tide.

And thus apart our hearts keep time  
With every pulse ye feel,  
And Mercy's ringing gold shall chime  
With Valour's clashing steel.

## RELIEVING GUARD.

T. S. K. OBIT, MARCH 4, 1864.

CAME the Relief. "What, Sentry, ho!  
 How passed the night through thy long waking?"  
 "Cold, cheerless, dark,—as may be befit  
 The hour before the dawn is breaking."

"No sight? no sound?" "No; nothing save  
 The plover from the marshes calling,  
 And in yon Western sky, about  
 An hour ago, a Star was falling."

"A star? There's nothing strange in that."  
 "No, nothing; but, above the thicket,  
 Somehow it seemed to me that God  
 Somewhere had just relieved a picket."

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 PARODIES.

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 A GEOLOGICAL MADRIGAL.

AFTER HERRICK.

I HAVE found out a gift for my fair;  
 I know where the fossils abound,  
 Where the footprints of *Aves* declare  
 The birds that once walked on the ground;

O, come, and—in technical speech—  
We'll walk this Devonian shore,  
Or on some Silurian beach  
We'll wander, my love, evermore.

I will show thee the sinuous track  
By the slow-moving annelid made,  
Or the Trilobite that, farther back,  
In the old Potsdam sandstone was laid.  
Thou shalt see, in his Jurassic tomb,  
The Plesiosaurus embalmed ;  
In his Oolitic prime and his bloom,—  
Iguanodon safe and unharmed !

You wished—I remember it well,  
And I loved you the more for that wish--  
For a perfect cystedian shell  
And a *whole* holocephalic fish.  
And O, if Earth's strata contains  
In its lowest Silurian drift,  
Or Palæozoic remains  
The same,—'tis your lover's free gift

Then come, love, and never say nay,  
But calm all your maidenly fears,  
We'll note, love, in one summer's day  
The record of millions of years ;  
And though the Darwinian plan  
Your sensitive feelings may shock,  
We'll find the beginning of man,—  
Our fossil ancestors in rock !



## THE WILLOWS.

AFTER EDGAR A. POE.

THE skies they were ashen and sober,  
The streets they were dirty and drear;  
It was night in the month of October,  
Of my most immemorial year;  
Like the skies I was perfectly sober,  
As I stopped at the mansion of Shear,--  
At the Nightingale,—perfectly sober,  
And the willowy woodland, down here.

Here, once in an alley Titanic  
Of Ten-pins,—I roamed with my soul,--  
Of Ten-pins,—with Mary, my soul;  
They were days when my heart was volcanic,  
And impelled me to frequently roll,  
And made me resistlessly roll,  
Till my ten-strikes created a panic  
In the realms of the Boreal pole,  
Till my ten-strikes created a panic  
With the monkey atop of his pole.

I repeat, I was perfectly sober,  
But my thoughts they were palsied and sear,--  
My thoughts were decidedly queer;  
For I knew not the month was October,  
And I marked not the night of the year;  
I forgot that sweet *morceau* of Auber  
That the band oft performed down here,  
And I mixed the sweet music of Auber  
With the Nightingale's music by Shear.

And now as the night was senescent,  
And star-dials pointed to morn,  
And car-drivers hinted of morn,  
At the end of the path a liquescent  
And bibulous lustre was born;  
'T was made by the bar-keeper present,  
Who mixed a duplicate horn,—  
His two hands describing a crescent  
Distinct with a duplicate horn.

And I said: "This looks perfectly regal,  
For it's warm, and I know I feel dry,—  
I am confident that I feel dry;  
We have come past the emeu and eagle,  
And watched the gay monkey on high;  
Let us drink to the emeu and eagle,—  
To the swan and the monkey on high,—  
To the eagle and monkey on high;  
For this bar-keeper will not inveigle,—  
Bully boy with the vitreous eye;  
He surely would never inveigle,—  
Sweet youth with the crystalline eye."

But Mary, uplifting her finger,  
Said, "Sadly this bar I mistrust,—  
I fear that this bar does not trust.  
O hasten! O let us not linger!  
O fly,—let us fly,—ere we must!"  
In terror she cried, letting sink her  
Parasol till it trailed in the dust,—  
In agony sobbed, letting sink her  
Parasol till it trailed in the dust,—  
Till it sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

Then I pacified Mary and kissed her,  
And tempted her into the room,  
And conquered her scruples and gloom ;  
And we passed to the end of the vista,  
But were stopped by the warning of doom,—  
By some words that were warning of doom.  
And I said, “ What is written, sweet sister,  
At the opposite end of the room ? ”  
She sobbed, as she answered, “ All liquors  
Must be paid for ere leaving the room.”

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober,  
As the streets were deserted and drear,—  
For my pockets were empty and drear ;  
And I cried, “ It was surely October,  
On this very night of last year,  
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here,—  
That I brought a fair maiden down here,  
On this night of all nights in the year,  
Ah ! to me that inscription is clear ;  
Well I know now, I'm perfectly sober,  
Why no longer they credit me here,—  
Well I know now that music of Auber,  
And this Nightingale, kept by one Shear.

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## NORTH BEACH.

AFTER SPENSER.

**L**O ! where the castle of bold Pfeiffer throws  
Its sullen shadow on the rolling tide,—  
No more the home where joy and wealth repose,

But now where wassailers in cells abide ;  
See yon long quay that stretches far and wide,  
Well known to citizens as wharf of Meiggs ;  
There each sweet Sabbath walks in maiden pride  
The pensive Margaret, and brave Pat, whose legs  
Encased in broadcloth oft keep time with Peg's.

Here cometh oft the tender nursery-maid,  
While in her ear her love his tale doth pour ;  
Meantime her infant doth her charge evade,  
And rambleth sagely on the sandy shore,  
Till the sly sea-crab, low in ambush laid,  
Seizeth his leg and biteth him full sore.  
Ah me ! what sounds the shuddering echoes bore,  
When his small treble mixed with Ocean's roar.

Hard by there stands an ancient hostelry,  
And at its side a garden, where the bear,  
The stealthy catamount, and coon agree  
To work deceit on all who gather there ;  
And when Augusta—that unconscious fair—  
With nuts and apples plieth Bruin free,  
Lo ! the green parrot claweth her back hair,  
And the gray monkey grabbeth fruits that she  
On her gay bonnet wears, and laugheth loud in glee !

---

## THE LOST TAILS OF MILETUS.

**H**IGH on the Thracian hills, half hid in the billows of  
clover,  
Thyme, and the asphodel blooms, and lulled by Pactolian  
streamlet,

She of Miletus lay, and beside her an aged satyr  
Scratched his ear with his hoof, and playfully mumbled his  
chestnuts.

Vainly the Mænid and the Bassarid gambolled about her,  
The free-eyed Bacchante sang, and Pan—the renowned, the  
accomplished—

Executed his difficult solo. In vain were their gambols and  
dances :

High o'er the Thracian hills rose the voice of the shep-  
herdess, wailing

“Ai ! for the fleecy flocks,—the meek-nosed, the passionless  
faces ;

Ai ! for the tallow-scented, the straight-tailed, the high-  
stepping ;

Ai ! for the timid glance, which is that which the rustic,  
sagacious,

Applies to him who loves but may not declare his passion !”

Her then Zeus answered slow : “ O daughter of song and  
sorrow,—

Hapless tender of sheep,—arise from thy long lamentation !  
Since thou canst not trust fate, nor behave as becomes a  
Greek maiden,

Look and behold thy sheep.”—And lo ! they returned to her  
tailless !

## EAST AND WEST POEMS.

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### A GREYPORT LEGEND.

(1797.)

THEY ran through the streets of the seaport town;  
They peered from the decks of the ships that lay:  
The cold sea-fog that came whitening down  
Was never as cold or white as they.

“Ho, Starbuck and Pinckney and Tenterden!  
Run for your shallops, gather your men,  
Scatter your boats on the lower bay.”

Good cause for fear! In the thick midday  
The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,  
Filled with the children in happy play,  
Parted its moorings, and drifted clear,—  
Drifted clear beyond the reach or call,—  
Thirteen children they were in all,—  
All adrift in the lower bay!

Said a hard-faced skipper, “God help us all!  
She will not float till the turning tide!”  
Said his wife, “My darling will hear *my* call,  
Whether in sea or heaven she bide:”  
And she lifted a quavering voice and high,  
Wild and strange as a sea-bird’s cry,  
Till they shuddered and wondered at her side,

The fog drove down on each laboring crew,  
 Veiled each from each and the sky and shore :  
 There was not a sound but the breath they drew,  
 And the lap of water and creak of oar ;  
     And they felt the breath of the downs, fresh blown  
     O'er leagues of clover and cold gray stone,  
     But not from the lips that had gone before.

They come no more. But they tell the tale,  
 That, when fogs are thick on the harbor reef,  
 The mackerel fishers shorten sail ;  
 For the signal they know will bring relief :  
     For the voices of children, still at play  
     In a phantom hulk that drifts away  
     Through channels whose waters never fail.

It is but a foolish shipman's tale,  
 A theme for a poet's idle page ;  
 But still, when the mists of doubt prevail,  
 And we lie becalmed by the shores of Age,  
     We hear from the misty troubled shore  
     The voice of the children gone before,  
     Drawing the soul to its anchorage.

---

## A NEWPORT ROMANCE.

THEY say that she died of a broken heart  
 (I tell the tale as 'twas told to me) ;  
 But her spirit lives, and her soul is part  
     Of this sad old house by the sea.

Her lover was fickle and fine and French :  
 It was nearly a hundred years ago  
 When he sailed away from her arms—poor wench—  
     With the Admiral Rochambeau.

I marvel much what periwigged phrase  
Won the heart of this sentimental Quaker,  
At what golden-laced speech of those modish days  
She listened—the mischief take her!

But she kept the posies of mignonette  
That he gave; and ever as their bloom failed  
And faded (though with her tears still wet)  
Her youth with their own exhaled.

Till one night, when the sea-fog wrapped a shroud  
Round spar and spire and tarn and tree,  
Her soul went up on that lifted cloud  
From this sad old house by the sea.

And ever since then, when the clock strikes two,  
She walks unbidden from room to room,  
And the air is filled that she passes through  
With a subtle, sad perfume.

The delicate odor of mignonette,  
The ghost of a dead and gone bouquet,  
Is all that tells of her story; yet  
Could she think of a sweeter way?

. . . . .

I sit in the sad old house to-night,—  
Myself a ghost from a farther sea;  
And I trust that this Quaker woman might,  
In courtesy, visit me.

For the laugh is fled from porch and lawn,  
And the bugle died from the fort on the hill,  
And the twitter of girls on the stairs is gone,  
And the grand piano is still.

Somewhere in the darkness a clock strikes two;  
And there is no sound in the sad old house,  
But the long veranda dripping with dew,  
And in the wainscot a mouse.



The light of my study-lamp streams out  
From the library door, but has gone astray  
In the depths of the darkened hall. Small doubt  
But the Quakeress knows the way.

Was it the trick of a seuse o'erwrought  
With outward watching and inward fret?  
But I swear that the air just now was fraught  
With the odor of mignonette!

I open the window, and seem almost—  
So still lies the ocean—to hear the beat  
Of its Great Gulf artery off the coast,  
And to bask in its tropic heat.

In my neighbor's windows the gas-lights flare,  
As the dancers swing in a waltz of Strauss;  
And I wonder now could I fit that air  
To the song of this sad old house.

And no odor of mignouette there is  
But the breath of morn on the dewy lawn;  
And mayhap from causes as slight as this  
The quaint old legend is born.

But the soul of that subtle, sad perfume,  
As the spiced embalmings, they say, outlast  
The mummy laid in his rocky tomb,  
Awakens my buried past.

And I think of the passion that shook my youth,  
Of its aimless loves and its idle pains,  
And am thankful now for the certain truth  
That *only* the sweet remains.

And I hear no rustle of stiff brocade,  
And I see no face at my library door;  
For now that the ghosts of my heart are laid,  
She is viewless forevermore.

But whethor she came as a faint perfume,  
Or whether a spirit in stole of white,  
I feel, as I pass from the darkened room,  
She has been with my soul to-night!

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## THE HAWK'S NEST.

(SIERRAS.)

WE checked our pace,—the red road sharply rounding,  
We heard the troubled flow  
Of the dark olive depths of pines, resounding  
A thousand feet below.

Above the tumult of the cañon lifted,  
The gray hawk breathless hung;  
Or on the hill a wingèd shadow drifted  
Where furze and thorn-bush clung;

Or where half-way the mountain side was furrowed  
With many a seam and scar;  
Or some abandoned tunnel dimly burrowed,—  
A mole-hill seen so far.

We looked in silence down across the distant  
Unfathomable reach:  
A silence broken by the guide's consistent  
And realistic speech.

"Walker of Murphy's blew a hole through Peters  
For telling him he lied;  
Then up and dusted out of South Hornitos  
Across the long Divide.

“ We ran him out of Strong’s, and up through Eden,  
And ’cross the ford below;  
And up this cañon (Peters’ brother leadin’),  
And me and Clark and Joe.

“ He fou’t us game: somehow, I disremember  
Jest how the thing kem round;  
Some say ’twas wadding, some a scattered ember  
From fires on the ground.

“ But in one minute all tho hill below him  
Was just one sheet of flame;  
Guardin’ the crest, Sam Clark and I called to him.  
And,—well, the dog was game!

“ He made no sign: the fires of hell were round him,  
The pit of hell below.  
We sat and waited, but never found him;  
And then we turned to go.

“ And then—you see that rock that’s grown so bristly  
With chaparral and tan—  
Suthin’ crep’ out: it might hev been a grizzly,  
It might hev been a man;

“ Suthin’ that howled, and gnashed its teeth, and shouted  
In smoke and dust and flame;  
Suthin’ that sprang into the depths about it,  
Grizzly or man,—but game!

“ That’s all. Well, yes, it does look rather risky,  
And kinder makes one queer  
And dizzy looking down. A drop of whiskey  
Ain’t a bad thing right here!”

IN 'THE MISSION GARDEN.

(1865.)

FATHER FELIPE.

**I** SPEAK not the English well, but Pachita  
She speak for me; is it not so, my Pancha?  
Eh, little rogue? Come, salute me the stranger  
Americano.

Sir, in my country we say, "Where the heart is,  
There live the speech." Ah! you not understand? So!  
Pardon an old man,—what you call "ol fogy,"—  
Padre Felipe!

Old, Señor, old! just so old as the Mission.  
You see that pear-tree? How old you think, Señor?  
Fifteen year? Twenty? Ah, Señor, just *Fifty*  
Gone since I plant him!

You like the wine? It is some at the Mission,  
Made from the grape of the year Eighteen Hundred;  
All the same time when the earthquake he come to  
San Juan Bautista.

But Pancha is twelve, and she is the rose-tree;  
And I am the olive, and this is the garden:  
And Pancha we say; but her name is Francisca,  
Same like her mother.

Eh, you knew *her*? No? Ah! it is a story;  
But I speak not, like Pachita, the English:  
So? If I try, you will sit here beside me,  
And shall not laugh, eh?

When the American come to the Mission,  
Many arrive at the house of Francisca :  
One,—he was fine man,—he buy the cattle  
Of José Castro.

So! he came much, and Francisca she saw him.  
And it was Love,—and a very dry season;  
And the pears bake on the tree,—and the rain come,  
But not Francisca;

Not for one year; and one night I have walk much  
Under the olive-tree, when comes Francisca :  
Comes to me here, with her child, this Francisca,—  
Under the olive-tree.

Sir, it was sad ; . . . but I speak not the English ;  
So ! . . . she stay here, and she wait for her husband :  
He come no more, and she sleep on the hillside ;  
There stands Pachita.

Ah! there's the Angelus. Will you not enter?  
Or shall you walk in the garden with Pancha?  
Go, little rogue—stt—attend to the stranger.  
Adios, Señor.

**PACHITA** (*briskly*).

So, he's been telling that yarn about mother!  
Bless you, he tells it to every stranger :  
Folks about yer say the old man's my father ;  
What's your opinion ?

THE OLD MAJOR EXPLAINS.

(RE-UNION ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, 12TH MAY, 1871.)

“WELL, you see, the fact is, Colonel, I don’t know as I  
can come:

For the farm is not half planted, and there’s work to do at  
home;

And my leg is getting troublesome,—it laid me up last  
fall,

And the doctors, they have cut and hacked, and never found  
the ball.

“And then, for an old man like me, it’s not exactly right.

This kind o’ playing soldier with no enemy in sight.

‘The Union,’—that was well enough way up to ’66;

But this ‘Re-Union,’—maybe now it’s mixed with politics?

“No? Well, you understand it best; but then, you see,  
my lad,

I’m deacon now, and some might think that the exam-  
ple’s bad.

And week from next is Conference. . . . You said the 12th  
of May?

Why, that’s the day we broke their line at Spottsyl-van-i-a!

“Hot work; eh, Colonel, wasn’t it? Ye mind that narrow  
front:

They called it the ‘Death-Angle!’ Well, well, my lad, we  
won’t

Fight that old battle over now: I only meant to say

I really can’t engage to come upon the 12th of May.

"How's Thompson? What! will he be there? Well, now, I want to know!

The first man in the rebel works! they called him 'Swearing Joe:'

A wild young fellow, sir, I fear the rascal was; but then—

Well, short of heaven, there wa'n't a place he dursn't lead his men.

"And Dick, you say, is coming too. And Billy? ah! it's true

We buried him at Gettysburg: I mind the spot; do you?

A little field below the hill,—it must be green this May;

Perhaps that's why the fields about bring him to me to-day.

"Well, well, excuse me, Colonel! but there are some things that drop

The tail-board out one's feelings; and the only way's to stop.

So they want to see the old man; ah, the rascals! do they, eh?

Well, I've business down in Boston about the 12th of May."

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## "SEVENTY-NINE."

MR. INTERVIEWER INTERVIEWED.

**K**NOW me next time when you see me, won't you, old smarty?

Oh, I mean you, old figger-head,—just the same party!

Take out your pensivil, d—n you; sharpen it, do!

Any complaints to make? Lots of 'em—one of 'em's *you*.

You : who are you, anyhow, goin' round in that sneakin' way ?

Never in jail before, was you, old blatherskite, say ?

Look at it; don't it look pooty ? Oh, grin, and be d—d to you, do !

But, if I had you this side o' that gratin', I'd just make it lively for you.

How did I get in here ? Well, what 'ud you give to know ?

'Twasn't by sneakin' round where I had'nt no call to go :

'Twasn't by hangin' round a spyin' unfortunet men.

Grin ! but I'll stop your jaw if ever you do that agen.

Why don't you say suthin', blast you ? Speak your mind if you dare.

Ain't I a bad lot, sonny ? Say it, and call it square.

Hain't got no tongue, hey, hev ye. O guard ! here's a little swell,

A cussin' and swearin' and yellin', and bribin' me not to tell.

There, I thought that 'ud fetch ye. And you want to know my name ?

"Seventy-Nine" they call me ; but that is their little game.

For I'm werry highly connected, as a gent, sir, can understand ;

And my family hold their heads up with the very furst in the land.

For 'twas all, sir, a put-up job on a pore young man like me ;

And the jury was bribed a puppos, and aftrst they couldn't agree.



And I sed to the judge, sez I,—Oh, grin ! it's all right  
my son !

But you're a werry lively young pup, and you ain't to be  
played upon !

Wot's that you got—tobacco ? I'm cussed but I though  
'twas a tract.

Thank ye. A chap t'other day—now, look'ee, this is a  
fact,

Slings me a tract on the evils o' keepin' bad company,  
As if all the saints was howlin' to stay here along 's we.

No : I hain't no complaints. Stop, yes ; do you see that  
chap,—

Him standin' over there,—a hidin' his eyes in his cap ?

Well, that man's stumick is weak, and he can't stan the  
pris'n fare ;

For the coffee is just half beans, and the sugar ain't no  
where.

Perhaps it's his bringin' up ; but he sickens day by day,  
And he doesn't take no food, and I'm seein' him waste  
away.

And it isn't the thing to see ; for, whatever he's been and  
done,

Starvation isn't the plan as he's to be saved upon.

For he cannot rough it like me ; and he hasn't the stamps, I  
guess,

To buy him his extry grub outside o' the pris'n mess.

And perhaps if a gent like you, with whom I've been sorter  
free,

Would—thank you ! But, say, look here ! Oh, blast it,  
don't give it to ME !

Don't you give it to me ; now, don't ye, don't ye, don't !  
You think it's a put-up job ; so I'll thank ye, sir, if you  
won't.  
But hand him the stamps yourself : why, he isn't even my  
pal :  
And if it's a comfort to you, why, I don't intend that he  
shall.

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## HIS ANSWER TO "HER LETTER."

REPORTED BY TRUTHFUL JAMES.

**B**EING asked by an intimate party,—  
Which the same I would term as a friend,—  
Which his health it were vain to call hearty,  
Since the mind to deceit it might lend ;  
For his arm it was broken quite recent,  
And has something gone wrong with his lung,—  
Which is why it is proper and decent  
I should write what he runs off his tongue .

First, he says, Miss, he's read through your letter  
To the end,—and the end came too soon ;  
That a slight illness kept him your debtor  
(Which for weeks he was wild as a loon) ;  
That his spirits are buoyant as yours is ;  
That with you, Miss, he challenges Fate  
(Which the language that invalid uses  
At times it were vain to relate).

And he says that the mountains are fairer  
For once being held in your thought ;  
That each rock holds a wealth that is rarer  
Than ever by gold-seeker sought

(Which are words he would put in these pages,  
By a party not given to guile;  
Which the same not, at date, paying wages,  
Might produce in the sinful a smile).

He remembers the ball at the Ferry,  
And the ride, and the gate, and the vow,  
And the rose that you gave him,—that very  
Same rose he is treasuring now  
(Which his blanket he's kicked on his trunk, Miss,  
And insists on his legs being free;  
And his language to me from his bunk, Miss,  
Is frequent and painful and free);

He hopes you are wearing no willows,  
But are happy and gay all the while;  
That he knows (which this dodging of pillows  
Imparts but small ease to the style,  
And the same you will pardon),—he knows, Miss,  
That, though parted by many a mile,  
Yet were he lying under the snows, Miss,  
They'd melt into tears at your smile.

And you'll still think of him in your pleasures,  
In your brief twilight dreams of the past;  
In this green laurel-spray that he treasures,  
It was plucked where your parting was last;  
In this specimen,—but a small trifle,—  
It will do for a pin for your shawl  
(Which the truth not to wickedly stifle  
Was his last week's "clean up,"—and *his all*).

He's asleep, which the same might seem strange, Miss,  
Were it not that I scorn to deny  
That I raised his last dose, for a change, Miss,  
In view that his fever was high;

But he lies there quite peaceful and pensive.  
And now, my respects, Miss, to you ;  
Which my language, although comprehensive,  
Might seem to be freedom,—it's true.

Which I have a small favor to ask you,  
As concerns a bull-pup, which the same,—  
If the duty would not overtask you,—  
You would please to procure for me, *game* ;  
And send per express to the Flat, Miss,  
Which they say York is famed for the breed,  
Which though words of deceit may be that, Miss,  
I'll trust to your taste, Miss, indeed.

*P.S.*—Which this same interfering  
Into other folks' way I despise ;  
Yet if it so be I was hearing  
That it's just empty pockets as lies  
Betwixt you and Joseph, it follers,  
That, having no family claims,  
Here's my pile ; which it's six hundred dollars,  
As is yours, with respects,

TRUTHFUL JAMES.

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## FURTHER LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

(NYE'S FORD, STANISLAUS.)

(1870.)

DO I sleep ? do I dream ?  
Do I wonder and doubt ?  
Are things what they seem ?  
Or is visions about ?  
Is our civilization a failure ?  
Or is the Caucasian played out ?

87 *Further Language from Truthful James.*

Which expressions are strong ;  
Yet would feebly imply  
Some account of a wrong—  
Not to call it a lie—  
As was worked off on William, my pardner,  
And the same being W. Nye.

He came down to the Ford  
On the very same day  
Of that lottery drawn  
By those sharps at the Bay ;  
And he says to me, " Truthful, how goes it ? "  
I replied, " It is far, far from gay ;

" For the camp has gone wild  
On this lottery game,  
And has even beguiled  
' Injin Dick ' by the same."  
Which said Nye to me, " Injins is pizen :  
Do you know what his number is, James ? "

I replied " 7,2,  
9,8,4, is his hand ; "  
When he started, and drew  
Out a list, which he scanned ;  
Then he softly went for his revolver  
With language I cannot command.

Then I said, " William Nye ! "  
But he turned upon me,  
And the look in his eye  
Was quite painful to see ;  
And he says, " You mistake : this poor Injin  
I protects from such sharps as you be ! "

I was shocked and withdrew ;  
But I grieve to relate,  
When he next met my view  
Injin Dick was his mate,  
And the two around town was a-lying  
In a frightfully dissolute state.

Which the war-dance they had  
Round a tree at the Bend  
Was a sight that was sad ;  
And it seemed that the end  
Would not justify the proceedings,  
As I quietly remarked to a friend.

For that Injin he fled  
The next day to his band ;  
And we found William spread  
Very loose on the strand,  
With a peaceful-like smile on his features,  
And a dollar greenback in his hand ;

Which, the same when rolled out,  
We observed with surprise,  
That that Injin, no doubt,  
Had believed was the prize,—  
Them figures in red in the corner,  
Which the number of notes specifies.

Was it guile, or a dream ?  
Is it Nye that I doubt ?  
Are things what they seem ?  
Or is visions about ?  
Is our civilization a failure ?  
Or is the Caucasian played out ?

# THE WONDERFUL SPRING OF SAN JOAQUIN.

OF all the fountains that poets sing,—  
 Crystal, thermal, or mineral spring;  
 Ponce de Leon's Fount of Youth;  
 Wells with bottoms of doubtful truth;  
 In short, of all the springs of Time  
 That ever were flowing in fact or rhyme,  
 That ever were tasted, felt, or seen,—  
 There were none like the Spring of San Joaquin.

*Anno Domini* Eighteen-Seven,  
 Father Dominguez (now in heaven,—  
*Obiit*, Eighteen twenty-seven)  
 Found the spring, and found it, too,  
 By his mule's miraculous cast of a shoe;  
 For his beast—a descendant of Balaam's ass—  
 Stopped on the instant, and would not pass.

The Padre thought the omen good,  
 And bent his lips to the trickling flood;  
 Then—as the chronicles declare,  
 On the honest faith of a true believer—  
 His cheeks, though wasted, lank, and bare,  
 Filled like a withered russet-pear  
 In the vacuum of a glass receiver,  
 And the snows that seventy winters bring  
 Melted away in that magic spring.

Such, at least, was the wondrous news  
 The Padre brought into Santa Cruz.  
 The Church, of course, had its own views  
 Of who were worthiest to use  
 The magic spring; but the prior claim

Fell to the aged, sick, and lame,  
Far and wide the people came :  
Some from the healthful Aptos creek  
Hastened to bring their helpless sick ;  
Even the fishers of rude Soquel  
Suddenly found they were far from well ;  
The brawny dwellers of San Lorenzo  
Said, in fact, they had never been so ;  
And all were ailing,—strange to say,—  
From Pescadero to Monterey.

Over the mountain they poured in  
With leathern bottles, and bags of skin ;  
Through the cañons a motley throng  
Trotted, hobbled, and limped along.  
The fathers gazed at the moving scene  
With pious joy and with souls serene ;  
And then—a result perhaps foreseen—  
They laid out the Mission of San Joaquin.

Not in the eyes of Faith alone  
The good effects of the waters shone ;  
But skins grew rosy, eyes waxed clear,  
Of rough vacquero and muleteer ;  
Angular forms were rounded out,  
Limbs grew supple, and waists grew stout ;  
And as for the girls,—for miles about  
They had no equal ! To this day,  
From Pescadero to Monterey,  
You'll still find eyes in which are seen  
The liquid graces of San Joaquin.

There is a limit to human bliss,  
And the Mission of San Joaquin had this ;  
None went abroad to roam or stay,  
But they fell sick in the queerest way,—  
A singular *maladie du pays*



With gastric symptoms: so they spent  
 Their days in a sensuous content;  
 Caring little for things unseen  
 Beyond their bowers of living green,—  
 Beyond the mountains that lay between  
 The world and the Mission of San Joaquin.

Winter passed, and the summer came.  
 The trunks of *madroño* all aflame,  
 Here and there through the underwood  
 Like pillars of fire starkly stood.  
 All of the breezy solitude  
     Was filled with the spicing of pine and bay  
 And resinous odors mixed and blended,  
     And dim and ghost-like far away  
 The smoke of the burning woods ascended.  
 Then of a sudden the mountains swam,  
 The rivers piled their floods in a dam,  
 The ridge above Los Gato's creek  
     Arched its spine in a feline fashion;  
 The forests waltzed till they grew sick,  
     And Nature shook in a speechless passion;  
 And, swallowed up in the earthquake's spleen,  
 The wonderful Spring of San Joaquin  
 Vanished, and never more was seen!

Two days passed: the Mission folk  
 Out of their rosy dream awoke.  
 Some of them looked a trifle white;  
 But that, no doubt, was from earthquake fright.  
 Three days: there was sore distress,  
 Headache, nausea, giddiness.  
 Four days: faintings, tenderness  
 Of the mouth and fauces; and in less  
 Than one week,—here the story closes  
 We won't continue the prognosis,—

Enough that now no trace is seen  
Of Spring or Mission of San Joaquin.

MORAL.

You see the point ? Don't be too quick  
To break bad habits : better stick,  
Like the Mission folk, to your *arsenic*.

---

ON A CONE OF THE BIG TREES.

*Sequoia Gigantea.*

BROWN foundling of the Western wood,  
Babe of primeval wildernesses !  
Long on my table thou hast stood  
Encounters strange and rude caresses ;  
Perchance contented with thy lot,  
Surroundings new and curious faces,  
As though ten centuries were not  
Imprisoned in thy shining cases !

Thou bring'st me back the halcyon days  
Of grateful rest ; the week of leisure,  
The journey lapped in autumn haze,  
The sweet fatigue that seemed a pleasure  
The morning ride, the noonday halt,  
The blazing slopes, the red dust rising,  
And then—the dim, brown, columned vault,  
With its cool, damp, sepulchral spicing.

Once more I see the rocking masts  
That scrape the sky, their only tenant  
The jay-bird that in frolic casts  
From some high yard his broad blue pennant.

I see the Indian files that keep  
 Their places in the dusty heather,  
 Their red trunks standing ankle deep  
 In moccasins of rusty leather.

I see all this, and marvel much  
 That thou, sweet woodland waif, art able  
 To keep the company of such  
 As throng thy friend's—the poet's—table :  
 The latest spawn the press hath cast,—  
 The “modern Pope's,” “the later Byron's” —  
 Why e'en the best may not outlast  
 Thy poor relation,—*Sempervirens*.

Thy sire saw the light that shone  
 On Mohammed's uplifted crescent,  
 On many a royal gilded throne  
 And deed forgotten in the present ;  
 He saw the age of sacred trees  
 And Druid groves and mystic larches ;  
 And saw from forest domes like these  
 The builder bring his Gothic arches.

And must thou, foundling, still forego  
 Thy heritage and high ambition,  
 To lie full lowly and full low,  
 Adjusted to thy new condition ?  
 Not hidden in the drifted snows,  
 But under ink-drops idly spattered,  
 And leaves ephemeral as those  
 That on thy woodland tomb were scattered.

Yet lie thou there, O friend ! and speak  
 The moral of thy simple story :  
 Though life is all that thou dost seek,  
 And age alone thy crown of glory,—

Not thine the only germs that fail  
The purpose of their high creation,  
If their poor tenements avail  
For worldly show and ostentation.

---

A SANITARY MESSAGE.

**L**AS'I' night, above the whistling wind,  
I heard the welcome rain,—  
A fusillade upon the roof,  
A tattoo on the pane:  
The key-hole piped; the chimney-top  
A warlike trumpet blew;  
Yet, mingling with these sounds of strife,  
A softer voice stole through.

“Give thanks, O brothers!” said the voice.  
“That He who sent the rains  
Hath spared your fields the scarlet dew  
That drips from patriot veins:  
I’ve seen the grass on Eastern graves  
In brighter verdure rise;  
But, oh! the rain that gave it life  
Sprang first from human eyes.

“I come to wash away no stain  
Upon your wasted lea;  
I raise no banners, save the ones  
The forest wave to me:  
Upon the mountain side, where Spring  
Her farthest picket sets,  
My réveille awakes a host  
Of grassy bayonets.

"I visit every humble roof;  
 I mingle with the low :  
 Only upon the highest peaks  
 My blessings fall in snow ;  
 Until, in tricklings of the stream  
 And drainings of the lea,  
 My unspent bounty comes at last  
 To mingle with the sea."

And thus all night, above the wind,  
 I heard the welcome rain,—  
 A fusillade upon the roof,  
 A tattoo on the pane :  
 The key-hole piped ; the chimney-top  
 A warlike trumpet blew ;  
 But, mingling with these sounds of strife,  
 This hymn of peace stole through.

## THE COPPERHEAD.

(1864.)

**T**HERE is peace in the swamp where the Copperhead  
 sleeps,  
 Where the waters are stagnant, the white vapor creeps,  
 Where the musk of Magnolia hangs thick in the air,  
 And the lilies' phylacteries broaden in prayer ;  
 There is peace in the swamp, though the quiet is Death,  
 Though the mist is miasm, the Upas tree's breath,  
 Though no echo awakes to the cooing of doves,—  
 There is peace : yes, the peace that the Copperhead loves !

Go seek him : he coils in the ooze and the drip  
 Like a thong idly flung from the slave-driver's whip :  
 But beware the false footstep,—the stumble that brings  
 A deadlier lash than the overseer swin<sup>gs</sup>.

Never arrow so true, never bullet so dread,  
As the straight steady stroke of that hammer-shaped head;  
Whether slave, or proud planter who braves that dull crest,  
Woe to him who shall trouble the Copperhead's rest!

Then why waste your labors, brave hearts and strong men,  
In tracking a trail to the Copperhead's den?  
Lay your axe to the cypress, hew open the shade  
To the free sky and sunshine Jehovah has made;  
Let the breeze of the North sweep the vapors away,  
Till the stagnant lake ripples, the freed waters play;  
And then to your heel can you righteously doom  
The Copperhead born of its shadow and gloom!

---

## ON A PEN OF THOMAS STARR KING.

THIS is the reed the dead musician dropped,  
With tuneful magic in its sheath still hidden;  
The prompt allegro of its music stopped,  
Its melodies unbidden.

But who shall finish the unfinished strain,  
Or wake the instrument to awe and wonder,  
And bid the slender barrel breathe again,—  
An organ-pipe of thunder?

His pen! what humbler memories cling about  
Its golden curves! what shapes and laughing graces  
Slipped from its point, when his full heart went out  
In smiles and courtly phrases!

The truth, half jesting, half in earnest flung;  
The word of cheer, with recognition in it;  
The note of alms, whose golden speech outrung  
The golden gift within it.

But all in vain the enchanter's wand we wave;  
 No stroke of ours recalls his magic vision;  
 The incantation that its power gave  
 Sleeps with the dead magician.

---

## LONE MOUNTAIN.

(CEMETERY, SAN FRANCISCO.)

THIS is that hill of awe  
 That Persian Sindbad saw,<sup>—</sup>  
 The mount magnetic;  
 And on its seaward face,  
 Scattered along its base,  
 The wrecks prophetic.

Here come the argosies  
 Blown by each idle breeze,  
 To and fro shifting;  
 Yet to the hill of Fate  
 All drawing, soon or late,—  
 Day by day drifting;—

Drifting forever here  
 Barks that for many a year  
 Braved wind and weather;  
 Shallops but yesterday  
 Launched on yon shining bay,<sup>—</sup>  
 Drawn all together.

This is the end of all:  
 Sun thyself by the wall,  
 O poorer Hindbad!  
 Envy not Sinbad's fame:  
 Here come alike the same,  
 Hinbad and Sinbad.

## CALIFORNIA'S GREETING TO SEWARD

(1869.)

WE know him well : no need of praise  
Or bonfire from the windy hill  
To light to softer paths and ways  
The world-worn man we honor still ;  
No need to quote those truths he spoke  
That burned through years of war and shame,  
While History carves with surer stroke  
Across our map his noon-day fame ;  
No need to bid him show the scars  
Of blows dealt by the Scæan gate,  
Who lived to pass its shattered bars,  
And see the foe capitulate ;  
Who lived to turn his slower feet  
Toward the western setting sun,  
To see his harvest all complete,  
His dream fulfilled, his duty done,—  
The one flag streaming from the pole,  
The one faith borne from sea to sea,—  
For such a triumph, and such goal,  
Poor must our human greeting be.  
Ah ! rather that the conscious land  
In simpler ways salute the Man,—  
The tall pines bowing where they stand,  
The bared head of El Capitan,  
The tumult of the waterfalls,  
Pohono's kerchief in the breeze,  
The waving from the rocky walls,  
The stir and rustle of the trees ;



Till lapped in sunset skies of hope,  
 In sunset lands by sunset seas,  
 The Young World's Premier treads the slope  
 Of sunset years in calm and peace.

---

## THE TWO SHIPS.

AS I stand by the cross on the lone mountain's crest,  
 Looking over the ultimate sea,  
 In the gloom of the mountain a ship lies at rest,  
 And one sails away from the lea :  
 One spreads its white wings on a far-reaching track,  
 With pennant and sheet flowing free ;  
 One hides in the shadow with sails laid aback, —  
 The ship that is waiting for me !

But lo, in the distance the clouds break away !  
 The Gate's glowing portals I see ;  
 And I hear from the outgoing ship in the bay  
 The song of the sailors in glee :  
 So I think of the luminous footprints that bore  
 The comfort o'er dark Galilee,  
 And wait for the signal to go to the shore,  
 To the ship that is waiting for me.

---

## THE GODDESS.

FOR THE SANITARY FAIR.

“WHO comes ?” The sentry's warning cry  
 Rings sharply on the evening air :  
 Who comes ? The challenge : no reply,  
 Yet something motions there.

A woman, by those graceful folds ;  
A soldier, by that martial tread :  
“ Advance three paces. Halt ! until  
Thy name and rank be said.”

“ My name ? Her name, in ancient song,  
Who fearless from Olympus came :  
Look on me ! Mortals know me best  
In battle and in flame.”

“ Enough ! I know that clarion voice ;  
I know that gleaming eye and helm ;  
Those crimson lips,—and in their dew  
The best blood of the realm.

“ The young, the brave, the good and wise  
Have fallen in thy curst embrace :  
The juices of the grapes of wrath  
Still stain thy guilty face.

“ My brother lies in yonder field  
Face downward to the quiet grass :  
Go back ! he cannot see thee now ;  
But here thou shalt not pass.”

A crack upon the evening air,  
A wakened echo from the hill  
The watch-dog on the distant shore  
Gives mouth, and all is still.

The sentry with his brother lies  
Face downward on the quiet grass ;  
And by him, in the pale moonshine,  
A shadow seems to pass.

No lance or warlike shield it bears :  
A helmet in its pitying hands  
Brings water from the nearest brook,  
To meet his last demands.

Can this be she of haughty mien,  
 The goddess of the sword and shield ?  
 Ah, yes ! The Grecian poet's myth  
 Sways still each battle-field.

For not alone that rugged war  
 Some grace or charm from beauty gains ;  
 But, when the goddess' work is done,  
 The woman's still remains.

---

## ADDRESS.

OPENING OF THE CALIFORNIA THEATRE, SAN FRANCISCO,  
 JAN. 19, 1870.

**B**RIEF words, when actions wait, are well :  
 The prompter's hand is on his bell ;  
 The coming heroes, lovers, kings,  
 Are idly lounging at the wings ;  
 Behind the curtain's mystic fold  
 The glowing future lies unrolled,—  
 And yet, one moment for the Past ;  
 One retrospect,—the first and last.

“ The world's a stage,” the master said.  
 To-night a mightier truth is read :  
 Not in the shifting canvas screen,  
 The flash of gas, or tinsel sheen ;  
 Not in the skill whose signal calls  
 From empty boards baronial halls ;  
 But, fronting sea and curving bay,  
 Behold the players and the play.

Ah, friends ! beneath your real skies  
 The actor's short-lived triumph dies :  
 On that broad stage, of empire won  
 Whose footlights were the setting sun,

Whose flats a distant background rose  
In trackless peaks of endless snows ;  
Here genius bows, and talent waits  
To copy that but One creates.

Your shifting scenes : the league of sand,  
An avenue by ocean spanned ;  
The narrow beach of straggling tents,  
A mile of stately monuments ;  
Your standard, lo ! a flag unfurled,  
Whose clinging folds clasp half the world, —  
This is your drama, built on facts,  
With “ twenty years between the acts.”

One moment more : if here we raise  
The oft-sung hymn of local praise,  
Before the curtain facts must sway ;  
*Here* waits the moral of your play.  
Glassed in the poet's thought, you view  
What *money* can, yet cannot do ;  
The faith that soars, the deeds that shine  
Above the gold that builds the shrine.

And oh ! when others take our place,  
And Earth's green curtain hides our face,  
Ere on the stage, so silent now,  
The last new hero makes his bow :  
So may our deeds, recalled *once more*  
In Memory's sweet but brief *encore*,  
Down all the circling ages run,  
With the world's plaudit of “ Well done ! ”

## THE LOST GALLEON.

IN sixteen hundred and forty-one,  
The regular yearly galleon,  
Laden with odorous gums and spice,  
India cottons and India rice,  
And the richest silks of far Cathay,  
Was due at Acapulco Bay.

Due she was, and over-due,—  
Galleon, merchandise, and crew,  
Creeping along through rain and shine,  
Through the tropics, under the line.  
The trains were waiting outside the walls,  
The wives of sailors thronged the town,  
The traders sat by their empty stalls,  
And the viceroy himself came down ;  
The bells in the tower were all a-trip,  
*Te Deums* were on each father's lip,  
The limes were ripening in the sun  
For the sick of the coming galleon.

All in vain. Weeks passed away,  
And yet no galleon saw the bay :  
India goods advanced in price ;  
The governor missed his favourite spice ;  
The *scñoritas* mourned for sandal,  
And the famous cottons of Coromandel ;  
And some for an absent lover lost,  
And one for a husband,—Donna Julia,  
Wife of the captain, tempest-tossed,  
In circumstances so peculiar :  
Even the fathers, unawares,  
Grumbled a little at their prayers ;  
And all along the coast that year  
Vetivò candles were scarce and dear.

Never a tear bedims the eye  
That time and patience will not dry ;  
Never a lip is curved with pain  
That can't be kissed into smiles again :  
And these same truths, as far as I know,  
Obtained on the coast of Mexico  
More than two hundred years ago,  
In sixteen hundred and fifty-one,—  
Ten years after the deed was done,—  
And folks had forgotten the galleon :  
The divers plunged in the Gulf for pearls,  
White as the teeth of the Indian girls ;  
The traders sat by their full bazaars ;  
The mules with many a weary load,  
And oxen, dragging their creaking cars,  
Came and went on the mountain road.

Where was the galleon all this while :  
Wrecked on some lonely coral isle ?  
Burnt by the roving sea-marauders,  
Or sailing north under secret orders ?  
Had she found the Anian passage famed,  
By Iying Moldonado claimed,  
And sailed through the sixty-fifth degree  
Direct to the North Atlantic sea ?  
Or had she found the " River of Kings,"  
Of which De Fonté told such strange things  
In sixteen forty ? Never a sign,  
East or West or under the line,  
They saw of the missing galleon ;  
Never a sail or plank or chip,  
They found of the long-lost treasure-ship,  
Or enough to build a tale upon.  
But when she was lost, and where and how,  
Are the facts we're coming to just now.

Take, if you please, the chart of that day  
 Published at Madrid,—*por el Rey*;  
 Look for a spot in the old South Sea,  
 The hundred and eightieth degree  
 Longitude, west of Madrid: there,  
 Under the equatorial glare,  
 Just where the East and West are one,  
 You'll find the missing galleon,—  
 You'll find the "San Gregorio," yet  
 Riding the seas, with sails all set,  
 Fresh as upon the very day  
 She sailed from Acapulco Bay.

How did she get there? What strange spell  
 Kept her two hundred years so well,  
 Free from decay and mortal taint?  
 What? but the prayers of a patron saint!  
 A hundred leagues from Manilla town,  
 The "San Gregorio's" helm came down.  
 Round she went on her heel, and not  
 A cable's length from a galliot  
 That rocked on the waters, just abreast  
 Of the galleon's course, which was west-sou-west.

Then said the galleon's commandante,  
 General Pedro Sobriente  
 (That was his rank on land and main,  
 A regular custom of Old Spain),  
 "My pilot is dead of scurvy: may  
 I ask the longitude, time, and day?"  
 The first two given and compared;  
 The third,—the commandante stared!  
 "The *first* of June? I make it second."  
 Said the stranger, "Then you've wrongly-reckoned,  
 I make it *first*: as you came this way,  
 You should have lost—d'ye see—a day;  
 Lost a day, as plainly see,  
 On the hundred and eightieth degree."

“Lost a day?” “Yes: if not rude,  
When did you make east longitude?”  
“On the ninth of May,—our patron’s day.”  
“On the ninth?—*you had no ninth of May!*  
Eighth and tenth was there; but stay”—  
Too late; for the galleon bore away.

Lost was the day they should have kept,  
Lost unheeded and lost unwept;  
Lost in a way that made search vain,  
Lost in the trackless and boundless main;  
Lost like the day of Job’s awful curse,  
In his third chapter, third and fourth verse;  
Wrecked was their patron’s only day,—  
What would the holy fathers say?

Said the Fray Antonio Estavan,  
The galleon’s chaplain,—a learned man,—  
“Nothing is lost that you can regain:  
And the way to look for a thing is plain  
To go where you lost it, back again.  
Back with your galleon till you see  
The hundred and eightieth degree.  
Wait till the rolling year goes round,  
And there will the missing day be found;  
For you’ll find—if computation’s true—  
That sailing *east* will give to you  
Not only one ninth of May, but two,—  
One for the good saint’s present cheer,  
And one for the day we lost last year.”

Back to the spot sailed the galleon;  
Where, for a twelve-month, off and on  
The hundred and eightieth degree,  
She rose and fell on a tropic sea:  
But lo! when it came to the ninth of May,  
All of a sudden becalmed she lay



One degree from that fatal spot,  
**Without** the power to move a knot;  
And of course the moment she lost her way,  
Gone was her chance to save that day.

To cut a lengthening story short,  
She never saved it. Made the sport  
Of evil spirits and baffling wind,  
She was always before or just behind,  
One day too soon, or one day too late,  
And the sun, meanwhile, would never wait:  
She had two eighths, as she idly lay,  
Two tenths, but never a *ninth* of May;  
And there she rides through two hundred years  
Of dreary penance and anxious fears:  
Yet through the grace of the saint she served,  
Captain and crew are still preserved.

By a computation that still holds good,  
Made by the Holy Brotherhood,  
The "San Gregorio" will cross that line  
In nineteen hundred and thirty-nine:  
Just three hundred years to a day  
From the time she lost the ninth of May.  
And the folk in Acapulco town,  
Over the waters, looking down,  
Will see in the glow of the setting sun  
The sails of the missing galleon,  
And the royal standard of Philip *Rey*;  
The gleaming mast and glistening spar,  
As she nears the surf of the outer bar.  
**A *Te Deum*** sung on her crowded deck,  
An odor of spice along the shore,  
A crash, a cry from a shattered wreck,—  
And the yearly galleon sails no more,  
In or out of the olden bay;  
**For the blessed patron has found his day.**

---

Such is the legend. Hear this truth :  
Over the trackless past, somewhere,  
Lie the lost days of our tropic youth,  
Only regained by faith and prayer,  
Only recalled by prayer and plaint :  
Each lost day has its patron saint !

---

## SECOND REVIEW OF THE GRAND ARMY.

I READ last night of the Grand Review  
In Washington's chiefest avenue,—  
Two Hundred Thousand men in blue,  
I think they said was the number,—  
Till I seemed to hear their trampling feet,  
The bugle blast and the drum's quick beat,  
The clatter of hoofs in the stony street,  
The cheers of people who came to greet,  
And the thousand details that to repeat  
Would only my verse encumber,—  
Till I fell in a reverie, sad and sweet,  
And then to a fitful slumber.

When, lo ! in a vision I seemed to stand  
In the lonely Capitol. On each hand  
Far stretched the portico, dim and grand  
Its columns ranged like a martial band  
Of sheeted spectres, whom some command  
Had called to a last reviewing.  
And the streets of the city were white and bare ;  
No footfall echoed across the square ;  
But out of the misty midnight air  
I heard in the distance a trumpet blare,  
And the wandering night-winds seemed to bear  
The sound of a far tattooing.

Then I held my breath with fear and dread;  
 For into the square, with a brazen tread,  
 There rode a figure whose stately head  
     O'erlooked the review that morning,  
 That never bowed from its firm-set seat  
 When the living column passed its feet,  
 Yet now rode steadily up the street  
     To the phantom bugle's warning:

Till it reached the Capitol square, and wheeled,  
 And there in the moonlight stood revealed  
 A well-known form that in State and field  
     Had led our patriot sires;  
 Whose face was turned to the sleeping camp,  
 Afar through the river's fog and damp,  
 That shewed no flicker, nor waning lamp,  
     Ner wasted bivouac fires.

And I saw a phantom army come,  
 With never a sound of fife or drum,  
 But keeping time to a throbbing hum  
     Of wailing and lamentation:  
 The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,  
 Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville,  
 The men whose wasted figures fill  
     The patriot graves of the nation.

And there came the nameless dead,—the **men**  
 Who perished in fever swamp and fen,  
 The slowly-starved of the prison-pen;  
     And, marching beside the others,  
 Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight,  
 With limbs enfranchised and bearing bright;  
 I thought—perhaps 'twas the pale moonlight—  
     They looked as white as their brothers!

And so all night marched the Nation's dead  
 With never a banner above them spread,

Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished ;  
No mark—save the baro uncovered head  
    Of the silent bronze Reviewer ;  
With never an arch save the vaulted sky ;  
With never a flower save those that lie  
On the distant graves—for love could buy  
    No gift that was purer or truer.

So all night long swept the strange array,  
So all night long till the morning gray  
I watched for one who had passed away,  
    With a reverent awe and wonder,—  
Till a blue cap waved in the length'ning line,  
And I knew that one who was kin of mine  
Had come ; and I spake—and lo ! that sign  
    Awakened me from my slumber.

---

## BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

**B**EHIND the footlights hangs the rusty baize,  
A trifle shabby in the upturned blaze  
Of flaring gas, and curious eyes that gaze.

The stage, methinks, perhaps is none too wide.  
And hardly fit for royal Richard's stride,  
Or Falstaff's bulk, or Denmark's youthful pride.

Ah, well ! no passion walks its humble boards ;  
O'er it no king nor valiant Hector lords :  
The simplest skill is all its space affords.

The song and jest, the dance and trifling play,  
The local hit at follies of the day,  
The trick to pass an idle hour away,—

For these, no trumpets that announce the Moor,  
No blast that makes the hero's welcome sure,—  
A single fiddle in the overture !

## THE STAGE-DRIVER'S STORY.

It was the stage-driver's story, as he stood with his back to  
the wheelers,  
Quietly flecking his whip, and turning his quid of tobacco;  
While on the dusty road, and blent with the rays of the  
moonlight,  
We saw the long curl of his lash and the juice of tobacco  
descending.

"Danger! Sir, I believe you,—indeed, I may say on that  
subject,  
You your existence might put to the hazard and turn of a  
wager.  
I have seen danger? Oh, no! not me, sir, indeed, I assure  
you:  
'Twas only the man with the dog that is sitting alone in yon  
wagon.

It was the Geiger Grade, a mile and a half from the sum-  
mit:  
Black as your hat was the night, and never a star in the  
heavens.  
Thundering down the grade, the gravel and stones we sent  
flying  
Over the precipice side,—a thousand feet plumb to the  
bottom.

Half-way down the grade I felt, sir, a thrilling and creaking,  
Then a lurch to one side, as we hung on the bank of the  
cañon;  
Then, looking up the road, I saw, in the distance behind  
me,  
The off hind wheel of the coach just loosed from its axle,  
and following.

One glance alone I gave, then gathered together my ribbons,  
Shouted, and flung them, outspread, on the straining necks  
of my cattle;

Screamed at the top of my voice, and lashed the air in my  
phrenzy,  
While down the Geiger Grade, on *three* wheels the vehicle  
thundered.

Speed was our only chance, when again came the ominous  
rattle:

Crack, and another wheel slipped away, and was lost in the  
darkness.

*Two* only now were left; yet such was our fearful mo-  
mentum,

Upright, erect, and sustained on *two* wheels, the vehicle  
thundered.

As some huge boulder, unloosed from its rocky shelf on the  
mountain,

Drives before it the hare and the timorous squirrel, far-  
leaping,

So down the Geiger Grade rushed the Pioneer coach, and  
before it

Leaped the wild horses, and shrieked in advance of the  
danger impending.

But to be brief in my tale. Again, ere we came to the level,  
Slipped from its axle a wheel; so that, to be plain in my  
statement,

A matter of twelve hundred yards or more, as the distance  
may be,

We travelled upon *one* wheel, until we drove up to the  
station.

Then, sir, we sank in a heap; but, picking myself from the  
ruins,

I heard a noise up the grade; and looking, I saw in the  
distance

The three wheels following still, like moons on the horizon  
whirling,  
Till, circling, they gracefully sank on the road at the side of  
the station.

This is my story, sir ; a trifle, indeed, I assure you.  
Much more, perchance, might be said ; but I hold him, of  
all men, most lightly  
Who swerves from the truth in his tale—No, thank you—  
Well, since you *are* pressing,  
Perhaps I don't care if I do : you may give me the same,  
Jim,—no sugar."

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## ASPIRING MISS DE LAINE.

### A CHEMICAL NARRATIVE.

CERTAIN facts which serve to explain  
The physical charms of Miss Addie De Laine,  
Who, as the common reports obtain,  
Surpassed in complexion the lily and rose ;  
With a very sweet mouth and a *retroussé* nose ;  
A figure like Hebe's, or that which revolves  
In a milliner's window, and partially solves  
That question which mentor and moralist pains  
If grace may exist *minus* feeling or brains.  
Of course the young lady had beaux by the score,  
All that she wanted,—what girl could ask more ?  
Lovers that sighed, and lovers that swore,  
Lovers that danced, and lovers that played,  
Men of profession, of leisure, and trade ;  
But one, who was destined to take the high part  
Of holding that mythical treasure, her heart,—  
This lover—the wonder and envy of town—  
Was a practising chemist,—a fellow called Brown.

I might here remark that 'twas doubted by many,  
In regard to the heart, if Miss Addie had any;  
But no one could look in that eloquent face,  
With its exquisite outline, and features of grace,  
And mark, through the transparent skin, how the tide  
Ebb'd and flow'd at the impulse of passion or pride,—  
None could look, who believed in the blood's circulation  
As argued by Harvey, but saw confirmation,  
That here, at least, Nature had triumphed o'er art,  
And, as far as complexion went, she had a heart.  
But this, *par parenthesis*. Brown was the man  
Preferred of all others to carry her fan,  
Hook her glove, drape her shawl, and do all that a belle  
May demand of the lover she wants to treat well.  
Folks wondered and stared that a fellow called Brown—  
Abstracted and solemn, in manner a clown,  
Ill dressed, with a lingering smell of the shop—  
Should appear as her escort at party or hop.  
Some swore he had cooked up some villanous charm,  
Or love philter, not in the regular Pharm-  
Acopea, and thus, from pure *malice prepense*,  
Had bewitched and bamboozled the young lady's senso;  
Others thought, with more reason, the secret to lie  
In a magical wash or indelible dye;  
While Society, with its censorious eye  
And judgment impartial, stood ready to damn  
What wasn't improper as being a sham.

For a fortnight the townfolk had all been agog  
With a party, the finest the season had seen,  
To be given in honor of Miss Pollywog,  
Who was just coming out as a belle of sixteen.  
The guests were invited: but one night before,  
A carriage drew up at the modest back-door  
Of Brown's lab'ratory; and, full in the glare  
Of a big purple bottle, some closely-veiled fair



Alighted and entered: to make matters plain,  
Spite of veils and disguises,—'twas Addie De Laine.

As a bower for true love, 'twas hardly the one  
That a lady would choose to be wooed in or won :  
No odor of rose or sweet jessamine's sigh  
Breathed a fragrance to hallow their pledge of troth by,  
Nor the balm that exhales from the odorous thyme ;  
But the gaseous effusions of chloride of lime,  
And salts, which your chemist delights to explain  
As the base of the smell of the rose and the drain :  
Think of this, O ye lovers of sweetness ! and know  
What you smell, when you snuff up Lubin or Pinaud

I pass by the greetings, the transports and bliss,  
Which, of course, duly followed a meeting like this,  
And come down to business ;—for such the intent  
Of the lady who now o'er the crucible leant,  
In the glow of a furnace of carbon and lime,  
Like a fairy called up in the new pantomime ;—  
And give but her words as she coyly looked down,  
In reply to the questioning glances of Brown :  
“ I am taking the drops, and am using the paste,  
And the little white powders that had a sweet taste,  
Which you told me would brighten the glance of my eye,  
And the depilatory, and also the dye,  
And I'm charmed with the trial ; and now, my dear Brown,  
I have one other favor,—now, ducky, don't frown,—  
Only one, for a chemist and genius like you  
But a trifle, and one you can easily do.  
Now listen : to-morrow, you know, is the night  
Of the birthday *soirée* of that Pollywog fright ;  
And I'm to be there, and the dress I shall wear  
Is *too* lovely ; but ”—“ But what then, *ma chère !* ”  
Said Brown, as the lady came to a full stop,  
And glanced round the shelves of the little back shop.

“ Well, I want—I want something to fill out the skirt  
To the proper dimension, without being girt  
In a stiff crinoline, or caged in a hoop  
That shows through one’s skirt like the bars of a coop ;  
Something light, that a lady may waltz in, or polk,  
With a freedom that none but you masculine folk  
Ever know. For, however poor woman aspires,  
She’s always bound down to the earth by these wires.  
Are you listening ? nonsense ! don’t stare like a spoon,  
Idiotic ; some light thing, and spacious, and soon—  
Something like—well, in fact—something like a balloon ! ”  
Here she paused ; and here Brown, overcome by surprise,  
Gave a doubting assent with still wondering eyes,  
And the lady departed. But just at the door  
Something happened,—’tis true, it had happened before  
In this sanctum of science,—a sibilant sound,  
Like some element just from its trammels unbound,  
On two substances that their affinities found.

The night of the anxiously looked-for *soirée*  
Had come, with its fair ones in gorgeous array ;  
With the rattle of wheels, and the tinkle of bells,  
And the “ How do ye does,” and the “ Hope you are well’s ; ”  
And the crash in the passage, and last lingering look  
You give as you hang your best hat on the hook ;  
The rush of hot air as the door opens wide ;  
And your entry,—that blending of self-possessed pride  
And humility shown in your perfect-bred stare  
At the folk, as if wondering how they got there ;  
With other tricks worthy of Vanity Fair.  
Meanwhile that safe topic, the heat of the room,  
Already was losing its freshness and bloom ;  
Young people were yawning, and wondering when  
The dance would come off, and why didn’t it then :  
When a vague expectation was thrilling the crowd,  
Lo, the door swung its hinges with utterance proud !

And Pompey announced, with a trumpet-like strain,  
The entrance of Brown and Miss Addie De Laine.

She entered: but oh, how imperfect the verb  
To express to the senses her movement superb!  
To say that she "sailed in" more clearly might tell  
Her grace in its buoyant and billowy swell.  
Her robe was a vague circumambient space,  
With shadowy boundaries made of point-lace.  
The rest was but guess-work, and well might defy  
The power of critical feminine eye  
To define or describe: 'twere as futile to try  
The gossamer web of the cirrus to trace,  
Floating far in the blue of a warm summer sky.

'Midst tho humming of praises and the glances of beaux  
That greet our fair maiden wherever she goes,  
Brown slipped like a shadow, grim, silent, and black,  
With a look of anxiety, close in her track.  
Once he whispered aside in her delicate ear,  
A sentence of warning,—it might be of fear:  
"Don't stand in a draught, if you value your life."  
(Nothing more,—such advice might be given your wife  
Or your sweetheart, in times of bronchitis and cough,  
Without mystery, romance, or frivolous scoff.)  
But hark to the music: the dance has begun,  
The closely-draped windows wide open are flung;  
The notes of the piccolo, joyous and light,  
Like bubbles burst forth on the warm summer night.  
Round about go the dancers; in circles they fly;  
Trip, trip, go their feet as their skirts eddy by;  
And swifter and lighter, but somewhat too plain,  
Whisks the fair circumvolving Miss Addie De Laine.  
Taglioni and Cerito well might have pined  
For the vigor and ease that her movements combined:

E'en Rigelboche never flung higher her robe  
In the naughtiest city that's known on the globe.  
'Twas amazing, 'twas scandalous : lost in surprise,  
Some opened their mouths, and a few shut their eyes.

But hark ! At the moment Miss Addie De Laine,  
Circling round at the outer edge of an ellipse,  
Which brought her fair form to the window again,  
From the arms of her partner incautiously slips !  
And a shriek fills the air, and the music is still,  
And the crowd gather round where her partner forlorn  
Still frenziedly points from the wide window-sill  
Into space and the night ; for Miss Addie was gone !

Gone like the bubble that burst in the sun ;  
Gone like the grain when the reaper is done ;  
Gone like the dew on the fresh morning grass ;  
Gone without parting farewell ; and alas !  
Gone with a flavor of Hydrogen Gas.

. . . . .  
When the weather is pleasant, you frequently meet  
A white-headed man slowly pacing the street ;  
His trembling hand shading his lack-lustre eye,  
Half blind with continually scanning the sky.  
Rumor points him as some astronomical sage,  
Reperusing by day the celestial page ;  
But the reader, sagacious, will recognize Brown,  
Trying vainly to conjure his lost sweetheart down,  
And learn the stern moral this story must teach,  
That Genius may lift its love out of its reach.

## CALIFORNIA MADRIGAL.

## ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

**O**H come, my beloved ! from thy winter abode,  
From thy home on the Yuba, thy ranch overflowed;  
For the waters have fallen, the winter has fled,  
And the river once more has returned to its bed.

Oh, mark how the spring in its beauty is near !  
How the fences and tules once more re-appear !  
How soft lies the mud on the banks of yon slough  
By the hole in the levee the waters broke through !

All Nature, dear Chloris, is blooming to greet  
The glance of your eye, and the tread of your feet ;  
For the trails are all open, the roads are all free,  
And the highwayman's whistle is heard on the lea.

Again swings the lash on the high mountain trail,  
And the pipe of the packer is scenting the gale ;  
The oath and the jest ringing high o'er the plain,  
Where the smut is not always confined to the grain.

Once more glares the sunlight on awning and roof,  
Once more the red clay's pulverized by the hoof,  
Once more the dust powders the "outsides" with red,  
Once more at the station the whiskey is spread.

Then fly with me, love, ere the summer's begun,  
And the mercury mounts to one hundred and one ;  
Ere the grass now so green shall be withered and sear  
In the spring that obtains but one month in the year.

## ST. THOMAS.

A GEOGRAPHICAL SURVEY.

(1868.)

VERY fair and full of promise  
Lay the island of St. Thomas :  
Ocean o'er its reefs and bars  
Hid its elemental scars ;  
Groves of cocoanut and guava  
Grew above its fields of lava.  
So the gem of the Antilles,—  
“ Isles of Eden,” where no ill is,—  
Like a great green turtle slumbered  
On the sea that it encumbered.

Then said William Henry Seward,  
As he cast his eye to leeward,  
“ Quite important to our commerce  
Is this island of St. Thomas.”

Said the Mountain ranges, “ Thank’ee,  
But we cannot stand the Yankee  
O’er our scars and fissures poring,  
In our very vitals boring,  
In our sacred caverns prying,  
All our secret problems trying,—  
Digging, blasting, with dynamite  
Mocking all our thunders! Damn it!  
Other lands may be more civil,  
Bust our lava crust if we will.”

Said the Sea,—its white teeth gnashing;  
Through its coral-reef lips flashing,—  
“ Shall I let this scheming mortal  
Shut with stone my shining portal,

Curb my tide, and check my play,  
Fence with wharves my shining bay?  
Rather let me be drawn out  
In one awful water-spout!"

Said the black-browed Hurricane,  
Brooding down the Spanish main,  
"Shall I see my forces, zounds!  
Measured by square inch and pounds,  
With detectives at my back  
When I double on my track,  
And my secret paths made clear,  
Published o'er the hemisphere  
To each gaping, prying crew?  
Shall I? Blow me if I do!"

So the Mountains shook and thundered,  
And the Hurricane came sweeping,  
And the people stared and wondered  
As the Sea came on them leaping:  
Each, according to his promise,  
Made things lively at St. Thomas.

Till one morn, when Mr. Seward  
Cast his weather eye to leeward,  
There was not an inch of dry land  
Left to mark his recent island.  
Not a flagstaff or a sentry,  
Not a wharf or port of entry,—  
Only—to cut matters shorter—  
Just a patch of muddy water  
In the open ocean lying,  
And a gull above it flying.

THE BALLAD OF MR. COOKE.

A LEGEND OF THE CLIFF HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.

WHERE the sturdy ocean breeze  
Drives the spray of roaring seas  
That the Cliff-House balconies

Overlook :

There, in spite of rain that balked,  
With his sandals duly chalked,  
Once upon a tight-rope walked  
Mr. Cooke.

But the jester's lightsome mien,  
And his spangles and his sheen,  
All had vanished, when the scene  
He forsook ;—

Yet in some delusive hope,  
In some vague desire to cope,  
One still came to view the rope  
Walked by Cooke.

. . . . . - . .

Amid Beauty's bright array,  
On that strange eventful day,  
Partly hidden from the spray,  
In a nook,  
Stood Florinda Vere de Vere ;  
Who with wind-dishevelled hair,  
And a rapt, distracted air,  
Gazed on Cooke.



Then she turned, and quickly cried  
To her lover at her side,  
While her form with love and pride  
Wildly shook,  
"Clifford Snook! oh, hear me now!  
Here I break each plighted vow:  
There's but one to whom I bow,  
And that's Cooke!"

Haughtily that young man spoke :  
 " I descend from noble folk.  
 ' Seven Oaks,' and then ' Se'nnoak,'  
 Lastly Snook,  
 Is the way my name I trace :  
 Shall a youth of noble race  
 In affairs of love give place  
 To a Cooke ? "

"Clifford Shook, I know thy claim  
 To that lineage and name,  
 And I think I've read the same  
In Horne Tooke;  
 But I swear, by all divine,  
 Never, never to be thine,  
 'Till thou canst upon yon line  
Walk like Cooke."

Though to that gymnastic feat  
He no closer might compete  
Than to strike a *balance-sheet* In a book:  
Yet thenceforward, from that day,  
He his figure would display  
In some wild athletic way, After Cooke.

On some household eminence,  
On a clothes-line or a fence,  
Over ditches, drains, and thence  
O'er a brook,  
He, by high ambition led,  
Ever walked and balanced;  
Till the people, wondering, said,  
"How like Cooke!"

Step by step did he proceed,  
Nerved by valor, not by greed,  
And at last the crowning deed  
Undertook:  
Misty was the midnight air,  
And the cliff was bleak and bare,  
When he came to do and dare  
Just like Cooke.

Through the darkness, o'er the flow,  
Stretched the line where he should go  
Straight across, as flies the crow  
Or the rook:  
One wild glance around he cast;  
Then he faced the ocean blast,  
And he strode the cable last  
Touched by Cooke.

Vainly roared the angry seas;  
Vainly blew the ocean breeze;  
But, alas! the walker's knees  
Had a crook;  
And before he reached the rock  
Did they both together knock,  
And he stumbled with a shock—  
Unlike Cooke!

Downward dropping in the dark,  
 Like an arrow to its mark,  
 Or a fish-pole when a shark

Bites the hook,  
 Dropped the pole he could not save,  
 Dropped the walker, and the wave  
 Swift engulfed the rival brave  
 Of J. Cooke!

Came a roar across the sea  
 Of sea-lions in their glee,  
 In a tongue remarkably

Like Chinook;  
 And the maddened sea-gull seemed  
 Still to utter, as he screamed,  
 "Perish thus the wretch who deemed  
 Himself Cooke!"

But, on misty moonlit nights,  
 Comes a skeleton in tights,  
 Walks once more the giddy heights

He mistook;  
 And unseen to mortal eyes,  
 Purged of grosser earthly ties,  
 Now at last in spirit guise  
 Outdoes Cooke.

. . . . .  
 Still the sturdy ocean breeze  
 Sweeps the spray of roaring seas,  
 Where the Cliff-House balconies

Overlook;  
 And the maidens in their prime,  
 Reading of this mournful rhyme,  
 Weep where, in the olden time,  
 Walked J. Cooke.

## THE LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

**B**EETLING walls with ivy grown,  
Frowning heights of mossy stone;  
Turret, with its flaunting flag  
Flung from battlemented crag;  
Dungeon-keep and fortalice  
Looking down a precipice  
O'er the darkly glancing wave  
By the Lurline-haunted cave;  
Robber haunt and maiden bower,  
Home of Love and Crime and Power,—  
That's the scenery, in fine,  
Of the Legends of the Rhine.

One bold baron, double-dyed  
Bigamist and parricide,  
And, as most the stories run,  
Partner of the Evil One;  
Injured innocence in white,  
Fair but idiotic quite,  
Wringing of her lily hands;  
Valor fresh from Paynim lands,  
Abbot ruddy, hermit pale,  
Minstrel fraught with many a tale,—  
Are the actors that combine  
In the Legends of the Rhine.

Bell-mouthed flagons round a board;  
Suits of armor, shield, and sword;  
Kerchief with its bloody stain;  
Ghosts of the untimely slain;  
Thunder-clap and clanking chain;

Headsman's block and shining axe;  
Thumbscrews, crucifixes, racks;  
Midnight-tolling chapel bell,  
Heard across the gloomy fell,—  
These, and other pleasant facts,  
Are the properties that shine  
In the Legends of the Rhine.

Maledictions, whispered vows  
Underneath the linden boughs;  
Murder, bigamy, and theft;  
Travellers of goods bereft;  
Rapine, pillage, arson, spoil,—  
Every thing but honest toil,  
Are the deeds that best define  
Every Legend of the Rhine.

That Virtue always meets reward,  
But quicker when it wears a sword;  
That Providence has special care  
Of gallant knight and lady fair;  
That villains, as a thing of course,  
Are always haunted by remorse,—  
Is the moral, I opine,  
Of the Legends of the Rhine.

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### MRS. JUDGE JENKINS.

[BEING THE ONLY GENUINE SEQUEL TO "MAUD  
MULLER."]

**M**AUD MULLER, all that summer day,  
Raked the meadow sweet with hay;

Yet, looking down the distant lane,  
~~She~~ hoped the judge would come again.

But when he came, with smile and bow,  
Maud only blushed, and stammered, " Ha-ow ? "

And spoke of her " pa," and wondered whether  
He'd give consent they should wed together.

Old Muller burst in tears, and then  
Begged that the judge would lend him " ton ; "

For trade was dull, and wages low,  
And the " craps," this year, were somewhat slow.

And ere the languid summer died,  
Sweet Maud became the judge's bride.

But, on the day that they were mated,  
Maud's brother Bob was intoxicated ;

And Maud's relations, twelve in all,  
Were very drunk at the judge's hall.

And when the summer came again,  
The young bride bore him babies twain.

And the judge was blest, but thought it strange  
That bearing children made such a change :

For Maud grew broad and red and stout ;  
And the waist that his arm once clasped about

Was more than he now could span. And he  
Sighed as he pondered, ruefully,

How that which in Maud was native grace  
In Mrs. Jenkins was out of place ;

And thought of the twins, and wished that they  
Looked less like the man who raked the hay

On Muller's farm, and dreamed with pain  
Of the day he wandered down the lane.

And, looking down that dreary track,  
He half regretted that he came back.

For, had he waited, he might have wed  
Some maiden fair and thoroughbred ;

For there be women fair as she,  
Whose verbs and nouns do more agree.

Alas for maiden ! alas for judge !  
And the sentimental,—that's one-half " fudge ; "

For Maud soon thought the judge a bore,  
With all his learning and all his lore.

And the judge would have bartered Maud's fair face  
For more refinement and social grace.

If, of all words of tongue and pen,  
The saddest are, " It might have been,"

More sad are these we daily see :  
" It is, but hadn't ought to be."

## AVITOR.

### AN AERIAL RETROSPECT.

**W**HAT was it filled my youthful dreams,  
In place of Greek or Latin themes,  
Or beauty's wild, bewildering beams?  
Avitor ?

What visions and celestial scenes  
I filled with aerial machines,—  
Montgolfier's and Mr. Green's!  
Avitor!

What fairy tales seemed things of course!  
The rock that brought Sinbad across,  
The Calendar's own winged-horse!  
Avitor!

How many things I took for facts,—  
Icarus and his conduct lax,  
And how he sealed his fate with wax!  
Avitor!

The first balloons I sought to sail,  
Soap-bubbles fair, but all too frail,  
Or kites,—but thereby hangs a tail.  
Avitor!

What made me launch from attic tall  
A kitten and a parasol,  
And watch their bitter, frightful fall?  
Avitor?

What youthful dreams of high renown  
Bade me inflate the parson's gown,  
That went not up, nor yet came down?  
Avitor?

My first ascent, I may not tell:  
Enough to know that in that well  
My first high aspirations fell,  
Avitor!

My other failures let me pass:  
The dire explosions; and, alas!  
The friends I choked with noxious gas,  
Avitor!





But I grieve to state, that even then, as she was wiping dry  
The tear of sensibility in Milton Perkins' eye,  
She prigg'd his diamond bosom-pin, and that her wipe of  
lace

Did seem to have of chloroform a most suspicious trace.

Enough that Milton Perkins later in the night was found  
With his head in an ash-barrel, and his feet upon the  
ground ;  
And he murmured " Seraphina," and he kissed his hand, and  
smiled  
On a party who went through him, like an unresisting child.

MORAL.

Now one word to Pogonippers, ere this subject I resign,  
In this tale of Milton Perkins,—late an owner in White  
Pine,—  
You shall see that wealth and women are deceitful, just the  
same ;  
And the tear of sensibility has salted many a claim.

---

WHAT THE WOLF REALLY SAID TO  
LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

WONDERING maiden, so puzzled and fair,  
Why dost thou murmur and ponder and stare ?  
" Why are my eyelids so open and wild ?"—  
Only the better to see with, my child !  
Only the better and clearer to view  
Cheeks that are rosy, and eyes that are blue.

Dost thou still wonder, and ask why these arms  
Fill thy soft bosom with tender alarms,

Swaying so wickedly?—are they misplaced,  
 Claspings or shielding some delicate waist:  
 Hands whose coarse sinews may fill you with fear  
 Only the better protect you, my dear!

Little Red Riding-Hood, when in the street,  
 Why do I press your small hand when we meet?  
 Why, when you timidly offered your cheek,  
 Why did I sigh, and why didn't I speak?  
 Why, well: you see—if the truth must appear—  
 I'm not your grandmother, Riding-Hood, dear!

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## THE RITUALIST.

BY A COMMUNICANT OF "ST. JAMES'S."

**H**E wore, I think, a chasuble, the day when first we  
 met;

A stole and snowy alb likewise: I recollect it yet.

He called me "daughter," as he raised his jewelled hand to  
 bless;

And then, in thrilling undertones, he asked, "Would I  
 confess?"

O mother, dear! blame not your child, if then on bended  
 knees

I dropped, and thought of Abelard, and also Eloise;

Or when, beside the altar high, he bowed before the pyx,

I envied that seraphic kiss he gave the crucifix.

The cruel world may think it wrong, perhaps may deem me  
 weak,

And, speaking of that sainted man, may call his conduct  
 "cheek;"

And, like that wicked barrister whom Cousin Harry quotes,  
May term his mixed chalice "grog," his vestments, "petticoats."

But, whatsoe'er they do or say, I'll build a Christian's hope  
On incense and on altar-lights, on chasuble and cope.  
Let others prove, by precedent, the faith that they profess :  
His can't be wrong" that's symbolized by such becoming  
dress.

---

## A MORAL VINDICATOR.

IF Mr. Jones, Lycurgus B.,  
Had one peculiar quality,  
'Twas his severe advocacy  
Of conjugal fidelity.

His views of heaven were very free ;  
His views of life were painfully  
Ridiculous ; but fervently  
He dwelt on marriage sanctity.

He frequently went on a spree ;  
But in his wildest revelry,  
On this especial subject he  
Betrayed no ambiguity.

And though at times Lycurgus B.  
Did lay his hands not lovingly  
Upon his wife, the sanctity  
Of wedlock was his guaranty.

But Mrs. Jones declined to see  
Affairs in the same light as he,  
And quietly got a decree  
Divorcing her from that L. B.

And what did Jones, Lycurgus B.  
 With his known idiosyncrasy ?  
 He smiled,—a bitter smile to see,—  
 And drew the weapon of Bowie.

He did what Sickles did to Key,—  
 What Cole on Hiscock wrought, did he ;  
 In fact, on persons twenty-three  
 He proved the marriage sanctity.

The counsellor who took the fee,  
 The witnesses and referee,  
 The judge who granted the decree,  
 Died in that wholesale butchery.

And then when Jones, Lycurgus B.,  
 Had wiped the weapon of Bowie,  
 Twelve jurymen did instantly  
 Acquit and set Lycurgus free.

## GRANDMOTHER TENTERDEN.

I MIND it was but yesterday,—  
 The sun was dim, the air was chill ;  
 Below the town, below the hill,  
 The sails of my son's ship did fill,  
 My Jacob, who was cast away.

He said, " God keep you, mother, dear,"  
 But did not turn to kiss his wife,  
 They had some foolish, idle strifo  
 Her tongue was like a two-edged knife,  
 And he was proud as any peer.

Howbeit that night I took no note  
Of sea nor sky, for all was drear ;  
I marked not that the hills looked near,  
Nor that the moon, though curved and clear,  
Through curd-like scud did drive and float.

For with my darling went the joy  
Of autumn woods and meadows brown ;  
I came to hate the little town ;  
It seemed as if the sun went down  
With him, my only darling boy.

It was the middle of the night,  
The wind it shifted west-by-south ;  
It piled high up the harbour mouth ;  
The marshes, black with summer drouth,  
Were all abroad with sea-foam white.

It was the middle of the night,—  
The sea upon the garden leapt,  
And my son's wife in quiet slept,  
And I, his mother, waked and wept,  
When lo ! there came a sudden light.

And there he stood ! his seaman's dress  
All wet and dripping seemed to be ;  
The pale blue fires of the sea  
Dripped from his garments constantly, ~~and~~  
I could not speak through cowardness.

" I come through night and storm," he said ;  
" Through storm and night and death," said he,  
" To kiss my wife, if it so be  
That strife still holds 'twixt her and me,  
For all beyond is Peace," he said.

“ The sea is His, and He who sent  
The wind and wave can soothe their strife;  
And brief and foolish is our life.”  
He stooped and kissed his sleeping wife,  
Then sighed, and, like a dream, he went.

Now, when my darling kissed not me,  
But her—his wife—who did not wake,  
My heart within me seemed to break;  
I swore a vow! nor thenceforth spake  
Of what my clearer eyes did see.

And when the slow weeks brought him **not**,  
Somehow we spake of aught beside;  
For she,—her hope upheld her pride;  
And I,—in me all hope had died,  
And my son passed as if forgot.

It was about the next spring-tide,  
She pined and faded where she stood;  
Yet spake no word of ill or good;  
She had the hard, cold Edward’s blood  
In all her veins,—and so she died.

One time I thought, before she passed,  
To give her peace, but ere I spake  
Methought, “ *He* will be first to break  
The news in Heaven,” and for his sake  
I held mine back until the last.

And here I sit, nor care to roam;  
I only wait to hear His call;  
I doubt not that this day, next fall,  
Shall see me safe in port; where all  
And every ship at last comes home.

And you have sailed the Spanish main,  
And knew my Jacob? . . Eh! Mercy!  
Ah God of wisdom! hath the sea  
Yielded its dead to humble me!  
My boy! . . . my Jacob . . . Turn again!

---

## THE IDYL OF BATTLE HOLLOW.

NO, I won't—thar, now, so! And it ain't nothin',--no!  
And thar's nary to tell that you folks yer don't know;  
And it's "Belle, tell us, do!" and it's "Belle, is it true?"  
And "Wot's this yer yarn of the Major and you?"  
Till I'm sick of it all,—so I am, but I s'pose  
Thet is nothin' to you . . . . Well then, listen! yer goes

It was after the fight, and around us all night  
Thar was poppin' and shootin' a powerful sight;  
And the niggers had fled, and Aunt Chlo' was abed,  
And Pinky and Milly were hid in the shed;  
And I ran out at daybreak and nothin' was nigh  
But the growlin' of cannon low down in the sky.

And I saw not a thing as I ran to the spring,  
But a splintered fenco rail and a broken-down swing,  
And a bird said "Kerchee!" as it sat on a tree,  
As if it was lonesome and glad to see me;  
And I filled up my pail and was risin' to go,  
When up comes the Major a canterin' slow.

When he saw me he drew in his reins, and then threw  
On the gate-post his bridle, and—what does he do  
But come down where I sat; and he lifted his hat,  
And he says—well, thar ain't any need to tell *that*—  
'Twas some foolishness, sure, but it 'mounted to *this*,  
Thet he asked for a drink, and he wanted—a kiss.



Then I said (I was mad), "For the water, my lad,  
You're too big and must stoop; for a kiss, it's as bad--  
You ain't near big enough." And I turned in a huff,  
When that Major he laid his white hand on my cuff,  
And he says, "You're a trump! Take my pistol, don't  
fear!

But shoot the next man that insults you, my dear."

Then he stooped to the pool, very quiet and cool,  
Leavin' me with that pistol stuck there like a fool,  
When thar flashed on my sight, a quick glimmer of light  
From the top of the little stone-fence on the right,  
And I knew 'twas a rifle, and back of it all  
Rose the face of that bushwhacker, Cherokee Hall!

Then I felt in my dread that the moment the head  
Of the Major was lifted, the Major was dead;  
And I stood still and white, but Lord! gals, in spite  
Of my care, that derved pistol went off in my fright!  
Went off—true as Gospil!—and strangest of all  
It actooally injured that Cherokee Hall.

Thet's all—now go 'long. Yes, some folks thinks it's  
wrong.

And thar's some wants to know to what side I belong;  
But I says "Served him right!" and I go, all my might,  
In love or in war, for a fair, stand-up fight;  
And as for the Major—sho! gals, don't you know  
Thet—Lord!—thar's his step in the garden below.

## AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

MOUTH OF THE SHAFT.

**W**HAT I want is my husband, sir,—  
And if you're a man, sir,  
You'll give me an answer—  
Where is my Joe?

Penrhyn, sir, Joe—  
Caernarvonshire,  
Six months ago  
Since we came here—  
Eh?—ah, you know!

Well, I *am* quiet  
And still.  
But I must stand here  
And will!  
Please—I'll be strong—  
If you'll just let me wait  
Inside o' that gate  
Till the news comes along.

“Negligence”—  
That was the cause;  
Butchery!—  
Are there no laws—  
Laws to protect such as we?

Well then!  
I won't raise my voice  
There, men!  
I won't make no noise;  
Only you just let me be.

*Concepcion de Arguello.*

Four, only four—did he say—  
 Saved! and the other ones? Eh?

Why do they call?

Why are they all

Looking and coming this way?

What's that?—a message—

I'll take it.

I know his wife, sir,

I'll break it.

"Foreman!"

Ay, ay!

"Out by and by"—

"Just saved his life."

"Say to his wife

Soon he'll be free,"

Will I?—God bless you,

It's *me*!

## CONCEPCION DE ARGUELLO.

PRESIDIO DE SAN FRANCISCO.

1800.

I.

LOOKING seaward, o'er the sand hills stands the fortress,  
 old and quaint,  
 By the San Francisco friars lifted to their patron saint,—

Sponsor to that wondrous city, now apostate to the creed,  
 On whose youthful walls the Padre saw the angel's golden  
 reed;

All its trophies long since scattered, all its blazon brushed  
 away,  
 And the flag that flies above it but a triumph of to-day.

Never scar of siege or battle challenges the wandering  
eye—

Never breach of warlike onset holds the curious passer-by ;

Only one sweet human fancy interweaves its threads of gold  
With the plain and home-spun present, and a love that ne'er  
grows old ;

Only one thing holds its crumbling walls above the meaner  
dust,—

Listen to the simple story of a woman's love and trust.

## II.

Count Von Resanoff, the Russian, envoy of the mighty Czar,  
Stood beside the deep embrasures where the brazen cannon  
are.

He with grave provincial magnates long had held serene  
debate

On the Treaty of Alliance and the high affairs of state ;

He, from grave provincial magnates, oft had turned to talk  
apart

With the Comandante's daughter, on the questions of the  
heart,

Until points of gravest import yielded slowly, one by one,  
And by Love was consummated what Diplomacy begun ;

Till beside the deep embrasures, where the brazen cannon  
are,

He received the two-fold contract for approval of the Czar ;

Till beside the brazen cannon the betrothed bade adieu,  
And, from sally-port and gateway, North the Russian eagles  
flew.

## III.

Long beside the deep embrasures, where the brazen cannon  
are,

Did they wait the promised bridegroom and the answer of  
the Czar ;

Day by day on wall and bastion beat the hollow empty  
breeze,—

Day by day the sunlight glittered on the vacant, smiling  
seas ;

Week by week the near hills whitened in their dusty leather  
cloaks,—

Week by week the far hills darkened from the fringing plain  
of oaks ;

Till the rains came, and far-breaking, on the fierce south-  
wester tost,

Dashed the whole long coast with colour, and then vanished  
and were lost.

So each year the seasons shifted ; wet and warm and drear  
and dry ;

Half a year of clouds and flowers,—half a year of dust and  
sky.

Still it brought no ship nor message,—brought no tidings ill  
or meet

For the statesmanlike Commander, for the daughter fair and  
sweet.

Yet she heard the varying message, voiceless to all ears  
beside :

“ He will come,” the flowers whispered ; “ Come no more,”  
the dry hills sighed.

Still she found him with the waters lifted by the morning  
breeze,—

Still she lost him with the folding of the great white-tented  
seas ;

Until hollows chased the dimples from her cheeks of olive  
brown,

And at times a swift, shy moisture dragged the long, sweet  
lashes down ;

Or the small mouth curved and quivered as for some denied  
caress,

And the fair young brow was knitted in an infantine distress.

Then the grim Commander, pacing where the brazen cannon  
are,

Comforted the maid with proverbs,—wisdom gathered from  
afar ;

Bits of ancient observation by his fathers garnered, each  
As a pebble worn and polished in the current of his speech :

“ ‘ Those who wait the coming rider travel twice as far as  
he ; ’

‘ Tired wench and coming butter never did in time agree. ’

“ ‘ He that getteth himself honey, though a clown, he shall  
have flies ; ’

‘ In the end God grinds the miller ; ’ ‘ In the dark the mole  
has eyes. ’

“ ‘ He whose father is Alcalde, of his trial hath no fear, ’—

And be sure the Count has reasons that will make his con-  
duct clear.”

Then the voice sententious faltered, and the wisdom it would  
teach

Lost itself in fondest trifles of his soft Castilian speech ;

And on "Concha," "Conchitita," and "Conchita" he would  
dwell  
With the fond reiteration which the Spaniard knows so well.  
  
So with proverbs and caresses, half in faith and half in  
doubt,  
Every day some hope was kindled, flickered, faded, and went  
out.

## IV.

Yearly, down the hillside sweeping, came the stately caval-  
cade,  
Bringing revel to vaquero, joy and comfort to each maid ;

Bringing days of formal visit, social feast and rustic sport ;  
Of bull-baiting on the plaza, of love-making in the court.

Vainly then at Concha's lattice,—vainly as the idle wind  
Rose the thin high Spanish tenor that bespoke the youth too  
kind ;

Vainly, leaning from their saddles, caballeros, bold and fleet,  
Plucked for her the buried chicken from beneath their mus-  
tang's feet ;

So in vain the barren hillsides with their gay serapes blazed,  
Blazed and vanished in the dust-cloud that their flying hoofs  
had raised.

Then the drum called from the rampart, and once more with  
patient mien  
The Commander and his daughter each took up the dull  
routine,—

Each took up the petty duties of a life apart and lone,  
Till the slow years wrought a music in its dreary monotone.

## V.

Forty years on wall and bastion swept the hollow idle  
breeze,  
Since the Russian eagle fluttered from the California seas.

Forty years on wall and bastion wrought its slow but sure  
decay;  
And St. George's cross was lifted in the port of Monterey.

And the citadel was lighted, and the hall was gaily drest.  
All to honour Sir George Simpson, famous traveller and  
guest.

Far and near the people gathered to the costly banquet set,  
And exchanged congratulations with the English baronet;

Till the formal speeches ended, and amidst the laugh and  
wine,  
Some one spoke of Concha's lover,—heedless of the warning  
sign.

Quickly then cried Sir George Simpson: "Speak no ill of  
him, I pray,  
He is dead. He died, poor fellow, forty years ago this day.

"Died while speeding home to Russia, falling from a frac-  
tious horse,  
Left a sweetheart, too, they tell me. Married, I suppose, of  
course!

"Lives she yet?" A death-like silence fell on banquet,  
guests, and hall,  
And a trembling figure rising fixed the awe-struck gaze of  
all.



Two black eyes in darkened orbits gleamed beneath the  
nun's white hood;  
Black serge hid the wasted figure, bowed and stricken where  
it stood.

"Lives she yet?" Sir George repeated. All were hushed as  
Concha drew  
Closer yet her nun's attiro. "Señor, pardon, she died too!"

### HALF-AN-HOUR BEFORE SUPPER.

"SO she's here, your unknown Dulcinea—the lady you  
met on the train—  
And you really believe she would know you if you were to  
meet her again?"

"Of course," he replied; "she would know me; there never  
was womankind yet  
Forgot the effect she inspired. She excuses, but does not  
forget."

"Then you told her your love?" asked the elder; the  
younger looked up with a smile,  
"I sat by her side half an hour—what else was I doing the  
while."

"What, sit by the side of a woman as fair as the sun in the  
sky,  
And look somewhere else lest the dazzle flash back from your  
own to her eye?"

"No, I hold that the speech of the tongue be as frank and  
as bold as the look,  
And I held up herself to herself—that was more than she got  
from her book."

"Young blood!" laughed the elder: "no doubt you are voicing the mode of To-Day:

But then we old fogies, at least, gave the lady some chance for delay.

"There's my wife—(you must know)—we first met on the journey from Florence to Rome:

It took me three weeks to discover who was she and where was her home;

"Three more to be duly presented; three more ere I saw her again;

And a year ere my romance *began* where yours ended that day on the train."

"Oh, that was the style of the stage-coach; we travel to-day by express;

Forty miles to the hour," he answered, "won't admit of a passion that's less."

"But what if you make a mistake?" quoth the elder. The younger half sighed.

"What happens when signals are wrong or switches misplaced?" he replied.

"Very well, I must bow to your wisdom," the elder returned, "but admit

That your chances of winning this woman your boldness has bettered no whit.

"Why, you do not, at best, know her name. And what if I try your ideal

With something, if not quite so fair, at least more *en règle* and real?

"Let me find you a partner. Nay, come, I *insist*—you shall follow—this way.

My dear, will you not add your grace to entreat Mr. Rapid to stay ?

“ My wife, Mr. Rapid—Eh, what ! Why, he’s gone—yet he said he would come ;  
How rude ? I don’t wonder, my dear, you are properly crimson and dumb ! ”

## DOLLY VARDEN.

DEAR DOLLY ! who does not recall  
The thrilling page that pictured all  
Those charms that hold our sense in thrall  
Just as the artist caught her—  
As down that English lane she tripped,  
In flowered chintz, hat sideways tipped,  
Trim-bodiced, bright-eyed, roguish-lipped—  
The locksmith’s pretty daughter ?

Sweet fragment of the Master’s art !  
O simple faith ! O rustic heart !  
O maid that hath no counterpart  
In life’s dry dog-eared pages !  
Where shall we find thy like ? Ah, stay !  
Methinks I saw her yesterday  
In chintz that flowered, as one might say,  
Perennial for ages.

Her father’s modest cot was stone,  
Five storeys high. In style and tone  
Composite, and, I frankly own,  
Within its walls revealing  
Some certain novel, strange ideas :  
A Gothic door with Roman piers,  
And floors removed some thousand years  
From their Pompeiian ceiling.

The small saloon where she received,  
Was Louis Quatorze, and relieved  
By Chinese cabinets, conceived  
Grotesquely by the heathen;  
The sofas were a classic sight—  
The Roman bench (sedilia hight);  
The chairs were French, in gold and white,  
And one Elizabethan.

And she, the goddess of that shrine,  
Two ringed fingers placed in mine—  
The stones were many carats fine,  
And of the purest water.  
Then dropped a curtesy, far enough  
To fairly fill her cretonne puff  
And show the petticoat's rich stuff  
That her fond parent bought her.

Her speech was simple as her dress—  
Not French the more, but English less,  
She loved: yet sometimes I confess,  
I scarce could comprehend her.  
Her manners were quite far from shy—  
There was a quiet in her eye  
Appalling to the Hugh who'd try  
With rudeness to offend her.

"But whence," I cried, "this masquerade?  
Some figure for to-night's charade—  
A Watteau shepherdess or maid?"  
She smiled and begged my pardon.  
"Why, surely you must know the name—  
That woman who was Shakspeare's flame,  
Or Byron's—well, it's all the same;  
Why, Lord, I'm Dolly Varden!"

## CHICAGO.

OCTOBER 10, 1871.

**B**LACKENED and bleeding, helpless, panting, prone,  
 On the charred fragments of her shattered throne,  
 Lies she who stood but yesterday alone,

Queen of the West! by some enchanter taught  
 To lift the glory of Aladdin's court,  
 Then lose the spell that all that wonder wrought.

Like her own prairies in some chance seed sown,  
 Like her own prairies in one brief day grown,  
 Like her own prairies in one fierce night mown.

She lifts her voice, and in her pleading eall  
 We hear the cry of Macedon to Paul—  
 The cry for help that makes her kin to all.

But haply with wan fingers may she feel  
 The silver cup hid in the proffered meal—  
 The gifts her kinship and our loves reveal.

## LUKE.

(IN THE COLORADO PARK, 1873.)

**W**OT'S that you're readin'?—a novel? A novel—well  
 darn my skin!

You a man grown and bearded and histin' such stuff ez that  
 in—

Stuff about gals and their sweethearts! No wonder you're  
 thin ez a knife.

Look at me!—clar two hundred—and nover read onc in my  
 life!

That's my opinion o' novels. And ez to their lyin' round  
 here,  
 They belonged to the Jedge's daughter—the Jedge who  
 came up last year  
 On account of his lungs and the mountains and the balsam  
 o' pine and fir;  
 And his daughter—well, she read novels, and that's what's  
 the matter with her.

Yet she was sweet on the Jedge, and stuck by him day and  
 night,  
 Alone in the cabin up yer—till she grew like a ghost, all  
 white.  
 She wus only a slip of a thing, ez light and ez up and  
 away  
 Ez rifle smoke blown through the woods, but she wasn't my  
 kind—no way!

Speakin' o' gals, d'ye mind that house ez you rise the  
 hill,  
 A mile and a half from White's, and jist above Mattingly's  
 mill?  
 You do? Well now *thar's* a gal! What, you saw her?  
 O, come now, *thar*, quit!  
 She was only bedevlin' you boys, for to me she don't cotton  
 one bit.

Now she's what I call a gal—ez pretty and plump ez a  
 quail;  
 Teeth ez white ez a hound's and they'd go through a ten-  
 penny nail;  
 Eyes that kin snap like a cap. So she asked to know “what  
 I was hid.”  
 She did! O, it's jist like her sass, for she's peart ez a  
 Katy-did.

But what was I talking of?—O! the Jedge and his daughter  
—she read  
Nøvels the whole day long, and I rockon sho read them  
abed,  
And sometimes she read them out loud to the Jedge on the  
porch where he sat,  
And 'twas how "Lørd Augustus" said this, and how "Lady  
Blanche" she said that.

But the sickest of all that I heerd, was a yarn that they  
read 'bout a chap,  
"Leather-stocking" by name, and a hunter chock full o'  
the greenest o' sap;  
And they asked me to hear, but I says, "Miss Mabel, not  
any for me;  
When I likes I kin sling my own lies, and thet chap and I  
shouldn't agree."

Yet somehow-or-other she was always sayin' I brought her  
to mind  
Of folks about whom she had read, or suthin belike of thet  
kind,  
And thar warn't no end o' the names that she give me thet  
summer up here,  
"Robin Hood," "Leather-stocking," "Rob Roy,"—O, I  
tell you, the critter was queer.

And yet ef she hadn't been spiled, she was harmless enough  
in her way,  
She could jabber in French to her dad, and they said that  
she knew how to play,  
And she worked me that shot-pouch up thar—which the  
man doesn't live ez kin use,  
And slippers—you see 'em down yer—ez would cradle an  
Injin's pappoose.

Yet along o' them novels, you see, she was wastin' and  
mopin' away,  
And then she got shy with her tongue, and at last had  
nothin' to say;  
And whenever I happened around, her face it was hid by a  
book,  
And it warn't until she left that she give me ez much ez a  
look.

And this was the way it was. It was night when I kem up  
here  
To say to 'em all "good-bye," for I reckoned to go for  
deer  
At "sun up" the day they left. So I shook 'em all round  
by the hand,  
'Cept Mabel, and she was sick, ez they give me to under-  
stand.

But jist ez I passed the house next morning at dawn, some  
one,  
Like a little waver o' mist, got up on the hill with the  
sun;  
Miss Mabel it was, alone—all wrapped in a mantle o'  
lace—  
And she stood there straight in the road, with a touch o'  
the sun in her face.

And she looked me right in the eye—I'd seen suthin like it  
before  
When I hunted a wounded doe to the edge o' the Clear Lake  
shore,  
And I had my knee on its neck, and jist was raisin' my  
knife  
When it give me a look like that, and—well, it got off with  
its life.



"We are going to-day," she said, "and I thought I would say good-bye  
To you in your own house, Luke—these woods, and the bright blue sky!  
You've always been kind to us, Luke, and papa has found you still  
As good as the air he breathes, and wholesome as Laurel Tree Hill.

"And we'll always think of you, Luke, as the thing we could not take away;  
The balsam that dwells in the woods, the rainbow that lives in the spray.  
And you'll sometimes think of *me*, Luke, as you know you once used to say,  
A rifle smoke blown through the woods, a moment, but never to stay."

And then we shook hands. She turned, but a-sudden she tottered and fell,  
And I caught her sharp by the waist, and held her a minit—well,  
It was only a minit, you know, that ez cold and ez white she lay  
Ez a snow-flake here on my breast, and then—well, she melted away—

And was gone \* \* \* And thar are her books; but I says not any for me,  
Good enough may be for some, but them and I mightn't agree.  
They spiled a decent gal ez might hev made some chap a wife,  
And look at me!—clar two hundred—and never read one in my life!

## SONGS WITHOUT SENSE

FOR THE PARLOR AND PIANO.

## I.—THE PERSONIFIED SENTIMENTAL

AFFECTION'S charm no longer gilds  
The idol of the shrine ;  
But cold Oblivion seeks to fill  
Regret's ambrosial wine.  
Though Friendship's offering buried lies  
'Neath cold Aversion's snow,  
Regard and Faith will ever bloom  
Perpetually below.

I see thee whirl in marble halls,  
In Pleasure's giddy train ;  
Remorse is never on that brow,  
Nor sorrow's mark of pain.  
Deceit has marked thee for her own  
Inconstancy the same ;  
And Ruin wildly sheds its gleam  
Athwart thy path of shame.

## II.—THE HOMELY PATHETIC.

THE dews are heavy on my brow ;  
My breath comes hard and low ;  
Yet, mother, dear, grant one request,  
Before your boy must go.  
Oh ! lift me ere my spirit sinks,  
And ere my senses fail :  
Place me once more, O mother dear !  
Astride the old fence-rail.

*Songs without Sense.*

The old fence-rail, the old fence-rail :  
 How oft these youthful legs,  
 With Alice' and Ben Bolt's were hung  
 Across those wooden pegs.  
 'Twas there the nauseating smoke  
 Of my first pipe arose :  
 O mother, dear ! these agonies  
 Are far less keen than those.

I know where lies the hazel dell,  
 Where simple Nellie sleeps ;  
 I know the cot of Nettie Moore,  
 And where the willow weeps.  
 I know the brookside and the mill :  
 But all their pathos fails  
 Beside the days when once I sat  
 Astride the old fence-rails.

## III.—SWISS AIR.

I'm a gay tra, la, la,  
 With my fal, la, la, la,  
 And my bright—  
 And my light—  
 Tra, la, le.

[Repeat.]

Then laugh, ha, ha, ha,  
 And ring, ting, ling, ling,  
 And sing fal, la, la,  
 La, la, le.

[Repeat.]

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